



No. 365.—VOL. XXIX.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1900.

SIXPENCE.



"BOBS" AND HIS FAVOURITE WHITE ARAB, "VOLONEL,"

On which Lord Roberts did the march to Kandahar. Observe the charger's decorations, which were specially struck by order of Her Majesty. It will be remembered that "Volonel" died full of years and honours a short time ago. This Photograph is by Glover, of Dublin.

THE CLUBMAN.

Lord Dundonald, whose name, as a dashing leader of cavalry, has been in every man's mouth during the past week, was probably the most popular Colonel the 2nd Life Guards—"The Smart Second"—ever had. He won his men's hearts in a number of ways, not the least one being a kindly action done on a very hot summer's day when his regiment had to march from Windsor to London. The cuirass is a very hot trapping to wear in July, and Lord Dundonald, to ease the men, hired carts to carry the men's armour, paying the expense out of his own pocket.

Though he is a Colonel who was for the full period in command of his regiment, he looks young enough to be a junior Captain, an abundant head of dark hair, little whiskers to the point of the ear, and a small black moustache not giving him the appearance of a veteran, which, by War Office rules and regulations, he is considered.

He has always been a keen soldier, and the *beau-ideal* of a cavalry leader, with a talent for mechanics. He invented the galloping-carriage for machine-guns, and was very anxious that the Government should take up the patents. There was a difficulty in the matter, for the carriage did not carry the number of rounds of ammunition that the War Office authorities require. Lord Dundonald, who had spent a large sum on the patents, but who was anxious that his own country should have the monopoly of his invention, when he found that the British artillerymen said "No," sold the rights of his carriage to a firm from whom our Government and the various self-raised corps are buying guns mounted on this particular carriage in great numbers.

When the war in South Africa broke out, Lord Dundonald was, as all soldiers fit for active service always are, anxious to go to "the front"; but there was no command that the authorities at home could give him, and he was told, as hundreds of other half-pay and Reserve officers have been told, that, if he went out at his own expense, no doubt some employment would be found for him by the authorities in South Africa. Most men are hardly satisfied to pay their own passages with such a shadowy chance of employment before them, but Lord Dundonald was. He gathered together a few men who volunteered to go out with him, and took also a machine-gun mounted on one of his own carriages. His services were gladly accepted on his arrival at the Cape, and he was given the command of all the Irregular mounted forces in Natal.

Lord Dundonald is well known in Clubland, belonging to "The Rag," Brooks's, and The Traveller's. He has a very pretty literary style, which he has used to clear away, finally and thoroughly, the unfounded charges brought against his great ancestor, Lord Cochrane. He is a good shot and a very good man on a horse.

Another soldier very well known in Clubland who has fallen on his feet, or rather, on a horse's back, by going out at his own expense to South Africa, is Major "Bimbashi" Stewart, who distinguished himself in Egypt and is now a Queen's Messenger. He, on his arrival in Africa, was given a squadron of the South African Horse, and his little corps, which is in Lord Dundonald's command, is known by the nickname of the "Bimbashi Horse."

The honours of being successful leaders of mounted men in South Africa are pretty well divided between cavalry and infantry officers. General Babington has been a Lancer all his service, Captain de Montmorency was the Adjutant of the 21st Lancers, Colonel Pilcher is an infantryman, Colonel Bethune began his service as an infantryman, then became a Dragoon, and then a Lancer; Major Stewart was a Highlander, Lord Dundonald has been all the period of his regimental service in the Life Guards, and General French has always been a Hussar.

That some of our most brilliant leaders of Irregulars are considered to be too old to be leaders of Regular cavalry gives cause to consider whether our military chiefs, in their anxiety to abolish the bad old system under which Colonels commanded their regiments for a score of years, Majors grew white-headed, and subalterns often had grey hair, have not run into the opposite extreme, and are inclined to think that in a fighting-man youth is a greater virtue than steadiness. If I was asked whether I would sooner take into action a regiment the age of the men in which varied from twenty to twenty-two years, or one in which the men were forty to forty-two years old, I should unhesitatingly choose the latter; but the War Office, as shown by their regulations for the recruiting of the Imperial Yeomen, who are expected only to serve for a year, put thirty-five as the limit of age for a good mounted man. This has been a great hindrance to the Committees who are enlisting men. The Committee of the "Special Corps," of which H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge has accepted the Presidentship, had to refuse two Masters of Hounds, who wished to join as troopers, because they both were forty-two years of age. Yet, man for man, these two M.F.H.'s could have outridden and outshot any Boer in the field.

In the matter of letters from officers in which the Generals commanding in South Africa are criticised appearing in print, the officers who write the letters can scarcely be blamed. They are letters written home to relatives, and an officer, writing to his mother or sister, sees no need for reticence, and often, indeed, expresses himself more strongly than he really feels. The receivers of the letters probably have no idea that for an officer to criticise his commander publicly is to commit a breach of discipline. The editor, with a handy little string of asterisks, can always save the situation. Most of the officers whose letters have been published will be both surprised and annoyed when they see them in print.

THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

It is true that the curtain descended upon a scene of gloom on that memorable December day when Buller and his gallant troops fell back before the withering hail of lead poured upon them from the Boer trenches at Colenso. Now, however, thanks to brilliant generalship on the part of our leaders, and unabated zeal on the part of those serving under them, it has risen again upon a bright and auspicious picture, namely, the successful crossing of the Tugela by the Natal Field Force.

The announcement embodying this gratifying and long-hoped-for information was received at the War Office on Thursday last. Since then, however, a good many fresh particulars concerning this forward movement of the Ladysmith relieving column have reached England. From these it appears that the passage of the river was effected very much in this manner—

On the 10th inst. (which, by the way, was coincident with the arrival of Lord Roberts at the Cape), Lord Dundonald, in command of the Cavalry Brigade, made a dash upon Potgieter's drift, about twenty-four miles to the west. A commanding position here (on a rocky eminence known as Swartz Kop) having been occupied, and some naval guns having been mounted on a neighbouring kopje, the advance of the main

body was enabled to be commenced. Accordingly, General Lyttelton's Brigade pressed boldly forward, and, under cover of a brisk fire that was maintained by our artillery on Mount Alice, crossed at the drift. In connection with this incident a very gallant deed was performed by some of the South African Light Horse. It appears that, when our men reached the river, the ferry was on the opposite (or enemy's) side thereof. Thereupon, Lieutenant Carlisle, followed by six volunteers, swam across the stream, and, in the face of a volley fired upon them at close range, brought the floating bridge back with them. This, later on, became of great use to our men, for, the river being breast-high, the crossing of it by wading



THE LATE G. W. STEEVENS.

The Brilliant Journalist and War-Correspondent for the "Daily Mail," who died at Ladysmith of enteric fever on Jan. 15. Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

would have occupied a great deal of valuable time. Thanks to the plucky action of the Colonials, the whole force (with its train of stores) gained the opposite side more quickly than would otherwise have been possible. As soon as this had been effected, General Lyttelton's Brigade seized a ridge of kopjes about a mile and a-half to the north.

While this movement was being carried out, Sir Charles Warren, operating in combination, was forcing a passage for his Division at a point some five miles to the west. This was at Trichardt's Drift, where—by the exertions of a detachment of Royal Engineers accompanying him, he had succeeded in throwing a pontoon bridge, eighty-five yards in length, over the Tugela. The whole of his troops then crossed at this place, and thus seriously threatened the right flank of the Boer position. The combined movement thus described was developed on this day last week, but it was not until the 18th inst. that the eventful movement was finally completed.

As was confidently expected, some stubborn fighting promptly ensued. The first blood was drawn on Thursday afternoon, when Lord Dundonald came into action with a force of the enemy occupying a position to the west of Acton Homes. This place is about fifteen miles to the north-west of Potgieter's Drift, and is on the road to the Tintwa Pass. After the engagement had lasted for some hours, General Warren sent a detachment of the 1st Dragoons to Dundonald's assistance. This enabled him to complete the rout of the enemy by driving them from their kopje and taking twenty-three prisoners (included among whom is a grandson of President Kruger). He also inflicted a loss of twenty-one killed and wounded upon them, while on our side the casualty-list amounted to the happily small one of but two killed and the same number wounded.

This action, however, was but a mere preliminary to what was to follow. As General Buller said so splendidly in his address to his troops on the eve of the forward movement, "We are going to the relief of our comrades at Ladysmith; there will be no turning back." Consequently, fighting on a large scale was expected by his men. It was hopefully looked forward to also, for, ever since their first unsuccessful attempt to cross the Tugela, our troops have been consumed with a fierce desire to

retrieve the disaster of that bitter day. Accordingly, when on Saturday last the opportunity of doing so was at length afforded them, they eagerly availed themselves of it.

Advancing at dawn, the entire force delivered a general attack (lasting almost continuously for thirteen hours) upon the enemy's positions. The action seems to have been opened by General Clery, who, with part of Warren's Division, steadily drove the burghers back from one ridge to another. During the morning a reconnaissance was made in force by Lyttelton's Brigade, with the object of relieving the pressure upon Warren's troops. In this they were completely successful, for, despite the hot fire to which they were subjected, the men seized a kopje near a Boer position at Brachfontein and gallantly kept the enemy at bay. Within a quarter of an hour—for so well handled was our artillery—the enemy's guns here were silenced. Nevertheless, a furious musketry fire was maintained from their trenches. In the meantime, however, valuable co-operation was being afforded by Generals Clery and Warren, and the gratifying result was that, by about seven p.m., the enemy were finally driven back and the day won by sheer force of British pluck and skilful generalship. It was a brilliant achievement, and Colenso was avenged a hundred times thereby!

After bivouacking on the ground thus gained, Warren's Division was engaged again throughout the following day, and at the time of writing was reported to be making "substantial progress." The country before him, however, is all uphill, and progress must necessarily be slow. Accordingly, the complete dispersal of the enemy, and the consequent raising of the siege of Ladysmith, can scarcely be effected until the middle of the week. Every yard of ground, however, thus covered *en route* by the relieving force will hasten this achievement.



CAPTAIN THE HON. R. F. CARNEGIE, OF THE 2ND GORDON HIGHLANDERS, WOUNDED AT LADYSMITH ON JAN. 6.

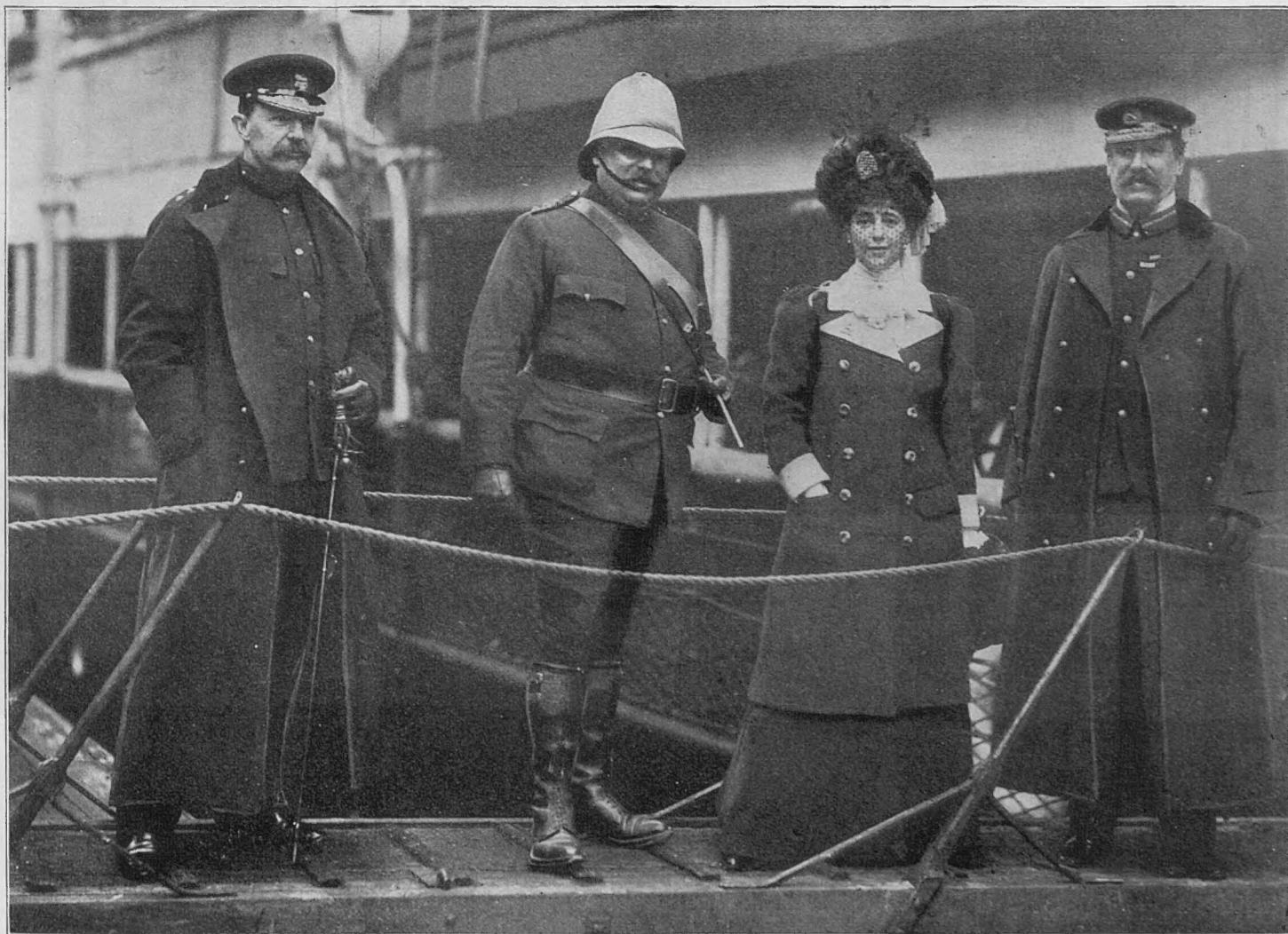
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

During the past few weeks, while General Buller's column has been making such desperate efforts to raise the siege of Ladysmith, the hard-pressed garrison there has had two foes to contend with. Of these, the enemy within its gates—namely, enteric fever—has proved scarcely less deadly than has the one which, from the outside, has been dealing death and destruction with shot and shell.

Already a long roll of victims has fallen a prey to its fell ravages, but on Saturday last news was received of the addition thereto of yet another name. When the intimation in question reached London, the feeling of grief was wide and sincere, for the public then learnt that they had to mourn the loss of Mr. G. W. Steevens, who passed away on the previous Monday.

Few in years as had been his life (for at the time of his decease they numbered but thirty), the late distinguished journalist and War-Correspondent had, nevertheless, contrived to crowd into it an amount of good and useful work that would not have ill become a man of twice his age. Possessed of a ready pen and a brilliant and fluent style, he had ever strenuously upheld the dignity of his profession. Despite the extraordinary success that met his efforts, he remained unaffected thereby.

At home, continued activity is being displayed by the military authorities, and reinforcements of both men and guns are being rapidly embarked for "the front." A second detachment of the Imperial Volunteers sailed on Saturday, amid a scene of the greatest enthusiasm imaginable. Other items of news to chronicle in connection with this subject are the selection of Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington for active service in South Africa and the mobilisation of the Eighth Division at Aldershot. It is understood that this will be commanded by Major-General Sir Henry Rundle.



Colonel Napier.

Colonel H. McCalmont.

Mrs. McCalmont.

Sir R. Baker Russell.

COLONEL MCCALMONT (FOR THE CAPE) GOING ON BOARD THE S.S. "UMBRIA."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.



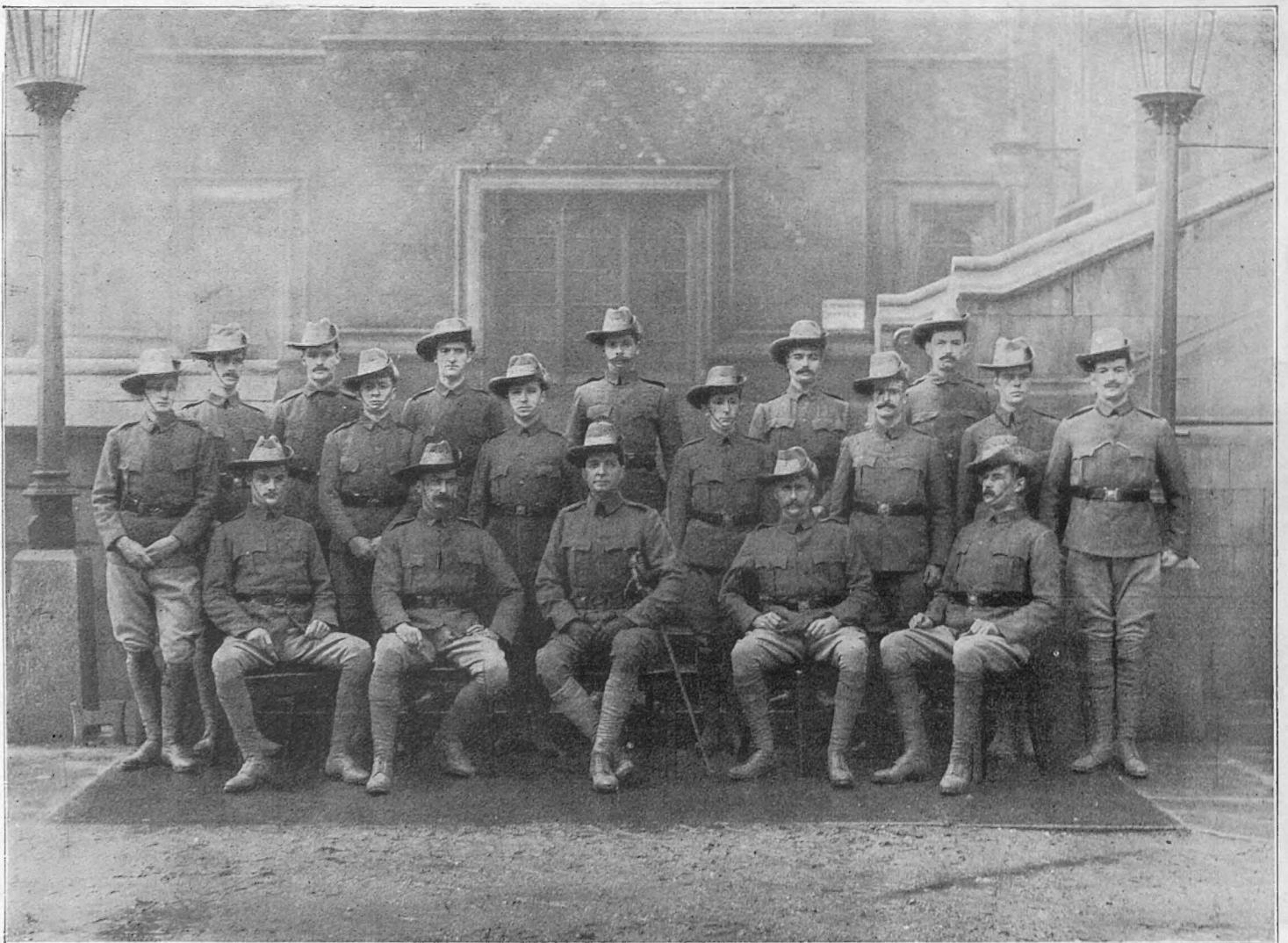
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. à COURT,

D.A.A.G. on Sir Redvers Buller's Staff, who raised the South African Light Horse in Cape Town. Mentioned in despatches after the Atbara and Omdurman campaigns, and Assistant Technical Delegate at the Peace Conference at The Hague. Photo by Lekegian and Co, Cairo.



MR. F. R. BURNHAM, THE NOTED AMERICAN SCOUT.

Mr. Burnham, while in the British service in South Africa a few years ago, tracked and killed the famous witch-doctor, Mlimo, and practically ended the Matabele War. Lord Roberts recently cabled to him to join the Intelligence Staff immediately. Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS, VOYAGING TO SOUTH AFRICA: THE INNS OF COURT (THE "DEVIL'S OWN").

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

The Parisian Diamond Company.

FROM

"The Diary of a Daughter of Eve,"

APPEARING NOW IN

THE "WORLD OF DRESS."

"We supped at the Carlton, in that beautiful room with the white walls and the rose-coloured chairs. Jewels were much in evidence, most of the women owing their best decoration to the Parisian Diamond Company, recognising the superior charm of exquisite design over mere value."

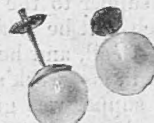
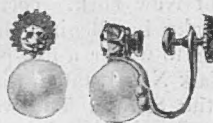
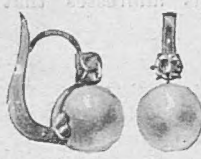
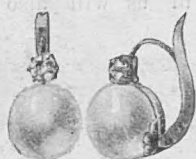
THE "LADIES' FIELD."

"The exquisite gem-work, which has been for so long associated with the name of the Parisian Diamond Company, seems to grow season by season more and more beautiful."

"With an enterprise and ingenuity which are little short of marvellous, the Parisian Diamond Company continue to produce one lovely new design after another until one begins to wonder whether their powers of artistic invention are absolutely inexhaustible."

THE "KENT ARGUS."

"The famous pearls, the spécialité of this Company, are a veritable dream of soft milky whiteness, no two alike, but changing ever and anon into tender iridescent gleams, or a lovely sheen, thus defying even an expert to detect them from their costly prototypes."



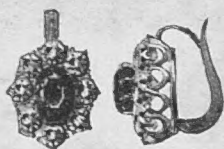
"HEARTH AND HOME."

"It is certainly a fact that no jeweller in London has more beautiful designs than the Parisian Diamond Company, whose premises are at 143, Regent Street; 85, New Bond Street; and 43, Burlington Arcade."



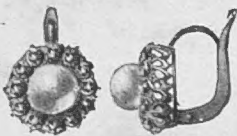
"BLACK AND WHITE."

"The Parisian Diamond Company is quite the place to visit by all who have an appreciation of the beautiful and the refined."



"TRUTH."

"The rarely beautiful and artistic gem-work of the Parisian Diamond Company has met on all hands with the approval which it so thoroughly deserves."



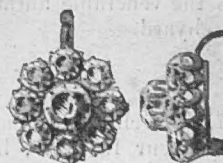
THE "WHITEHALL REVIEW."

"The Parisian Diamond Company has discovered the secret of presenting pearls whose purity and lustre equal anything sought after in the rocky depths of the ocean."



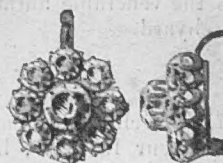
THE "LADY'S REALM."

"One of the most beautiful collarettes consists of seven rows of pearls of medium size, with slides of very fine Louis Quinze designs, inserted with turquoise, and fastened with a beautiful clasp of the same."



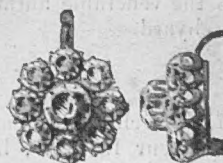
THE "LADY'S PICTORIAL."

"Moreover, quite apart from any question of monetary value, it is a delight to wear them, for no more exquisite designs and wonderful workmanship could be lavished on gems even were they worth a king's ransom."



"MADAME."

"Dainty to a degree in their fine artistic settings, the beautiful pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company have justly gained a world-wide reputation. Among these ornaments there are collars of the famous pearls which have been brought to such perfection by the Parisian Diamond Company, and now that fashion has decreed that pearls and diamonds must be worn in lavish profusion, everyone owes a debt of gratitude to the Parisian Diamond Company."



ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

"MYRA'S JOURNAL."

"At all times one is certain to find something novel at the Parisian Diamond Company's Establishments, and just now there are many charming little jewels, all of which are characterised by that perfection of workmanship and elegance of design for which the Company has always been noted."

THE "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS."

"To me it is a wonderful reflection how the public taste has been educated to this jewellery, which is not an imitation, strictly speaking, but artistic and refined reproductions of gems in less expensive fashions than our prodigal Mother Nature can so far yield them to us."

"SCOTTISH LIFE."

"Pearls that look so beautiful that I can hardly believe they are not real."

"THE SKETCH."

"That perfection to which the Parisian Diamond Company alone have attained in their Pearls."

THE "COURT JOURNAL."

"The Parisian Diamond Company's Pearls and other gems are marvellous, while they are set with a refinement which shows that in this branch of the jeweller's art the Company is unrivalled."

"TABLE TALK."

"Their designs this year seem to be more beautiful and artistic than ever, and the extraordinary grace and perfection of the setting of the brilliant and beautiful stones can give one cause for nothing but admiration."

THE "MAIL AND EXPRESS."
(New York.)

"... But everything that one sees at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishments is instinct with good taste and perfect workmanship."

THE "LADY."

"The Parisian Diamond Company numbers amongst its clients European Royalties, and many women of title."

THE "QUEEN."

"The pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company now hold a recognised position in the fashionable jewellery of the day."

THE "WORLD OF DRESS."

"Jewels of real beauty, grace, and elegance."

"MODERN ART."

"Apparently the limit of resourcefulness, in the way of novelty and elegance, has not yet been acknowledged by the Parisian Diamond Company."

THE "LADIES' GAZETTE."

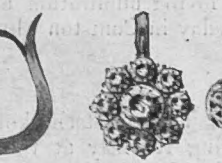
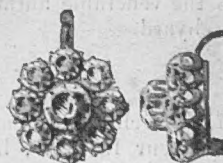
"The dazzling display of the most exquisite ornaments meets one's eye on passing either of the establishments of the Parisian Diamond Company, the Head Branch of which is at 85, New Bond Street."

THE "GENTLEWOMAN."

"The Designing, the Mounting and Setting, together with the perfect finish, of the Parisian Diamond Company's work, raise their exquisite Productions in artistic merit as far above the generality of Imitation Jewellery as is the finest diamond work itself."

"VANITY FAIR."

"I hear that pearl collars go better with this sort of gown than any other ornament, a fact that makes the Parisian Diamond Company most busy, for their pearls are, as you know, perfection; and they must have someone supernally clever in design at their houses, for I never saw anything more perfectly done than the clasps and slides of diamonds and other stones mingled with the pearls."



85, New Bond St.; 143, Regent St.; 43, Burlington Arcade, W.

(Opposite Marshall & Snelgrove's.)

(Facing Liberty's, Chesham House.)

(Burlington Gardens End.)

A PARISIAN NOTABLE.

The man of the day in Paris is M. Paul Deschanel, who has been re-elected President of the Chamber of Deputies, and who is to be received into the French Academy. On his re-election he made a speech which, for its eloquence and its philosophy, drew the attention of the country and raised him high above the petty quarrels which to-day ravage France, while his reception discourse at the Academy is expected to be the literary event of the season. M. Deschanel has come to distinction and high honours young, for he is no more than forty-five, and there is a circumstance which to Parisians makes him still seem almost a boy. He is the son of a life-member of the Senate who is also a Professor at the Sorbonne, and when the Professor's class manifest noisily their sympathy at each triumph of the Professor's son, the impression is made that the President of the Chamber has but just left his school-books behind him.

"The Lucky Sketch Man who had the good-fortune to attend" Mr. Musgrove's farewell supper to the "Belle of New York," certainly enjoyed himself very much, but he made no mistake in alleging that it was given at the Hôtel Cecil, and he is willing to wager a five-pound note with the person who in last week's Small Talk Notes stated that he was wrong, and that the supper was given at the Savoy. The wager, however, must be on condition that the winner hands the five-pound note to the *Westminster Gazette* Christmas Fund. ["The Sketch" man was right, after all. The dinner on the 4th was at the Hôtel Cecil, that at the Savoy Hotel being on Jan. 2, and Miss May's reception at the Savoy on the afternoon of Jan. 5. "The Sketch" misinformers cries "Peccavi" and is pardoned.]

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Sequel to THE PRISONER OF ZENDA.
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Box-Office (Mr. E. Arnold) now open 10 to 5.

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A Holiday Entertainment for Young and Old. Mr. W. G. ELLIOT in CHARLES I. AND CHARLES II. and A PAIR OF KNICKERBOCKERS. Great Success. Miss KESTON in a Japanese Dance. Mr. G. SMITH WRIGHT in IMITATIONS OF ACTORS. MR. ELLIOT in a NEW MUSICAL SKETCH. Seats 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s.

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Opinions of the Press.—"This work deserves careful study."—QUEEN. "The only safe and permanent cure of obesity."—WESTERN GAZETTE. "This is the very best book on Corpulency that has ever been written."—LADY.
London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

JOHN RUSKIN

A painful shock was occasioned on Monday, when the sad news was conveyed, by the morning papers, that the Duke of Teck, John Ruskin, and R. D. Blackmore had died. The handsome father of the Duchess of York had been ailing since he lost his amiable wife. Mr. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," and Mr. Ruskin both fell victims to the present fatal epidemic of influenza.

"Unto this last," John Ruskin lived up to the Christ-like ideal he advocated so earnestly and with characteristic beauty of style in his admirable moral essays. He was close upon eighty-one when he passed away last Saturday afternoon in his charming house at Brantwood, Coniston. Familiar as Ruskin's delightful works—each obviously a labour of love to him—are to all lovers of literature, and deservedly esteemed as his "Modern Painters," "Seven Lamps of Architecture," "Stones of Venice," "Unto this Last," "Sesame and Lilies," and "Fors Clavigera" are, it was as an eloquent lecturer who put his heart and soul into his addresses that many of us will also cherish in affectionate



THE LATE JOHN RUSKIN.

remembrance the name of John Ruskin, who gave his generation of the best, and lived a noble life. Few men inspired, and with good reason, such loving admiration as the venerable author who is to be buried on Thursday in Coniston Churchyard.

Dr Elias Metschnikoff, the well-known embryologist and zoologist, working recently at the Pasteur Institute, has startled the scientific world and created a sensation in Paris by announcing a theory, based on a series of experiments, by which old age is to be kept from decay and the natural term of life considerably lengthened. He says that the weakness and decay of old age is a curable disease, and that we should remain fresh and healthy to the end. Dr. Metschnikoff's door has lately been besieged by reporters. Everybody wants to know whether the Doctor has really discovered the fountain of eternal youth. The idea appeals to the imagination, but the theory is not so easy to grasp. It is based on a study of the nerve-cells. The doctor says that certain cells consume the microbes which constantly attack the body. These healthy, microbe-eating cells he calls "microphages." But there are certain other cells which are friendly to the microbes, and turn in and help them in their fight. These are the "macrophages." In old age the "macrophages" get the upper hand; they suck and swallow the "microphages," and this is the decay of old age. It suffices to vaccinate the "microphages" with the virus of the "macrophages"—I trust the reader follows—in order to remain always young.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Duke of Fife is to be heartily congratulated on the great honour which has just been conferred on him by the Queen. There is something imposing in the fine old title of Lord-Lieutenant of the County of London, and it is well known that the late Duke of Westminster was very proud of the distinction. Although it may be safely asserted that the husband of the Prince of Wales's eldest daughter has managed to conceal, as few far less important people have been able to do, his personality from the ordinary gossip-monger, even his public career proves him to be a man of strong individuality and of many silent interests. Not many young men who can look forward to inheriting £80,000 a-year care to enter Parliament for pleasure when they are only five-and-twenty.

In those days the new Lord-Lieutenant of London was considered by his party quite a promising Radical. Few of the younger Scotch members could make a better fighting speech; and, although in 1885 he went over to the Unionist majority, his character still bears many traces of the early Liberalism with which it was leavened. Though, as in duty bound, devoted to Scotland, and never happier than when in Aberdeenshire, the Duke of Fife is very fond of London, and even as a bachelor he was the fortunate owner of one of the most charming of town-houses, where, long before there was any question of his marriage to Princess Louise of Wales, he had on more than one



THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE, TO COMMAND THE INFANTRY OF THE "C.I.V."

Photo by Kirk and Sons, Cowes.

occasion the signal honour of entertaining our future Queen, who, for his sake, broke through her invariable rule of never frequenting a bachelor establishment.

Captain P. H. Darbyshire joined the 5th Dragoon Guards in 1889, and got his Captaincy in 1895. At the battle of Eland's Laagte the Dragoons chased the Boers past a Red Cross tent, where a man was waving a Red Cross flag. They respected those gathered about the tent, but one ruffian, waiting till they came abreast, shot point-blank at a private. As he fell dead from the saddle, Captain Darbyshire rode at his slayer and shot him dead with his revolver.

The late Lieutenant F. H. Raikes, a gallant young officer who fell at Ladysmith, was nephew to the late Postmaster-General, and only son of Judge Raikes. At the time of his lamented death the young hero was only twenty-one years of age.

Lady Gwendolen Cecil, who succeeds the late Lady Salisbury as President of the Ladies' Primrose League, possesses a very clever and remarkable individuality. Some people consider she strongly resembles in character her distinguished cousin, Mr. Arthur Balfour. Be that as it may, she is always taking an interest in philosophic and scientific matters, and on many occasions she has proved of the utmost assistance to her father in working out new experiments in his laboratory, for, as many people are aware, Lord Salisbury is one of



CAPTAIN P. H. DARBYSHIRE, OF THE 5th DRAGOON GUARDS, WHO DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF AT THE BATTLE OF ELAND'S LAAGTE.

Photo by Lambert Weston and Son, Folkestone.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT F. H. RAIKES (NEPHEW TO THE LATE POSTMASTER-GENERAL), KILLED AT LADYSMITH.

From an early Portrait by W. Bates, Chertsey.

the most learned of our amateur scientific chemists. Lady Gwendolen is two years younger than her eldest sister, Lady Selborne. Although she is fond of intellectual society, she far prefers her own home-circle, and during the last few years she has been absorbed in the care of her mother. There can be no doubt that the Primrose League could not have chosen their new President more wisely.



LIEUTENANT J. NORWOOD,

Of the 5th Dragoon Guards, who distinguished himself during the bombardment of Ladysmith. Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

a place of safety. This account has been sent home by an officer writing to his family, who reports that this cool, courageous act was witnessed by his troop, and should earn for the plucky young officer the V.C., and I hope it may. He joined the regiment only in the early part of last year in India as a Second-Lieutenant. Mr. Pomeroy, of the same regiment, performed a similar gallant act.

The death of Lady Alice Montagu, the lovely and only sister of the Duke of Manchester, has cast quite a deep gloom over Society, and has placed in deep family mourning the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and all the latter's daughters—that is, the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Gosford, and Lady Alice Stanley, who were one and all devoted to their beautiful niece. The charming and accomplished American, who was for so long known in the great world as Lady Mandeville, more lately as Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, transmitted to her twin daughters, Ladies Mary and Alice Montagu, both her share of Spanish-American loveliness and Creole delicacy. Still, during many years of their young lives the two sisters possessed the beauty of health as well as a rare perfection of colouring and feature; then, suddenly, a slight chill, caught on the Roman Campagna, led to the almost sudden death of Lady Mary, just at the time when the lovely twins were standing with reluctant feet where womanhood and childhood meet.

As so often happens in such cases, the one left behind never really recovered from the shock; imperceptibly at first, and then more and more clearly, Lady Alice began to show signs of consumptive delicacy. Her mother, who is still in the zenith of youth and beauty, then devoted herself entirely to her remaining treasure, and for a few brief weeks Lady Alice was seen entering with girlish pleasure into the amusements of a gay London Season; but all too soon she became compelled to lead an invalid life, cheered, however, by the constant care and love of her mother, and by frequent visits from her only brother, who on many occasions broke off important engagements to respond to her appeal for his presence.

No one can deny that during the present crisis the great British ducal families have deserved well of their country. Not only has each wearer of the strawberry-leaves innumerable relations serving at "the front," but the Duke of Roxburghe, the Duke of Marlborough, and the Duke of Westminster will very soon all be fighting for Queen and country with as much energy and valour as do those of their friends who cannot be said to have so great a stake in the world as the respective owners of Floors Castle, of Blenheim, and of Grosvenor House.

Of the three, the Duke of Marlborough is the only one who has given hostages to fortune in the shape of a wife and children. As all the world knows, he became, some five years ago, the husband of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, who, notwithstanding her extreme youth, soon showed that she possessed to quite an exceptional degree the wit and intellect of her remarkable family, for she fills her by no means easy position with as much ease as if she had been born in the British purple. Indeed, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough are a model couple; they are both devoted to their two little sons, of whom the eldest, Lord Blandford, will probably live to be one of the richest living Englishmen.

The Duke of Roxburghe, who alone of the three ducal combatants is a soldier by profession, and so was the first to proceed to "the front," is the first-cousin of his Grace of Marlborough, for his mother—who still bears undisputed the title of Duchess of Roxburghe—was the fourth daughter of that Duke of Marlborough whose memory is still cherished in Dublin as having been the most regal of nineteenth-century Viceroys. The Duchess, to whom her seven children—three sons and four daughters—are much devoted, is still quite a young-looking woman, and, when not in town, she makes her home in her son's Scottish place, Floors Castle. The Duke of Roxburghe is one of the most popular younger officers in the Guards. He comes of a noted fighting race; indeed, one of his ancestors fell at Melrose in the year 1526. He is devoted to his profession, and his brother and heir, Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, has followed in his footsteps, as hopes also to do, in due course, the third brother, Lord Robert. His Grace of Roxburghe's only married sister has also elected to become closely connected with the Army, for her husband is Major Orr-Ewing, who lately had the satisfaction of being selected for active service. The Duke of Roxburghe will be four-and-twenty next July, his cousin, the Duke of Marlborough, being five years older.

The young Duke of Westminster will, if he carries out his intention of proceeding to "the front" with the Yeomanry, be one of the youngest officers serving with that corps, for he will probably be in his place in the fighting-line before March 19, on which day he comes of age. As regards pastors and masters, probably no young British nobleman was ever more favoured by fortune. The late Duke, who was, of course, tenderly attached to his grandson and heir, was constantly with him, and in Mr. George Wyndham, Lord Belgrave—as he then was—has found the very kindest of step-fathers and friends, while, by way of seeing something of foreign lands, his careful guardians arranged that he should become



LIEUTENANT HAROLD PERCIVAL PATON, KILLED IN THE SORTIE FROM MAFEEKING ON DEC. 26.

Photo by Crowe and Rodgers, Strirling.

Aide-de-Camp to one of the most personally charming and interesting of men and companions, namely, Sir Alfred Milner, who is young enough to sympathise with both the amusements and aspirations of youth. Curiously enough, the new Duke of Westminster is very little younger than his father's youngest brother, Lord Gerald Grosvenor, who is Captain in the Scots Guards. The Duke of Westminster will find many relations as well as friends at "the front," notably his youthful uncle, Prince Adolphus of Teck.

Second-Lieutenant Graham, of the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, who was severely wounded in the fight at the Tugela River on Dec. 15, is the eldest son of Sir Reginald Graham, Bart., of Norton Conyers, Yorkshire, who himself was formerly a Captain in the Rifle Brigade, at the age of twenty, and served in the Crimean Campaign.



SECOND-LIEUTENANT GRAHAM, WOUNDED AT TUGELA RIVER.

Photo taken in 1897 by Debenham, Cowes, Isle of Wight.

Colonel R. A. P. Clements, whose photograph is given, is an officer of considerable distinction, as he is entitled to write both "D.S.O." and "A.D.C." after his name. This means that, in addition to being a member of the much-prized "Distinguished Service Order," he



COLONEL R. A. P. CLEMENTS, D.S.O., A.D.C., LOCAL MAJOR-GENERAL ON THE STAFF IN SOUTH AFRICA, TO COMMAND THE 12TH BRIGADE.

Photo by Gregory, Strand.

is also one of the Queen's Aide-de-Camps. Although figuring in the January "Army List" as a Colonel (with seniority of Dec. 2, 1896), this officer is at present a local Major-General. This rank has lately been conferred on him in order that he might command the 12th Brigade in Natal. Colonel Clements served for many years in the South Wales Borderers, and with this regiment (then known as the 24th Foot) was all through the Zulu War of 1879. Consequently, he is by no means new to South Africa. On relinquishing the command of his battalion, he was succeeded therein by Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. U. de R. B. Roche. Colonel Clements gained his "D.S.O." in Burma in 1885-9.

I give an impressive souvenir of the funeral of the late Major-General Edward Hale Prior, whose portrait appeared in last week's *Sketch*. The lamented General had been appointed to command the 15th Brigade of the 7th Division South African Field Force, but died of pneumonia at the Queen's Hotel, Aldershot, early on the morning of Jan. 8. The photograph represents the lining of the path outside Lichfield Cathedral door by the soldiers of the 38th and 64th Regimental Districts, and on the ground are the wreaths which they had been carrying. The remainder of these floral tributes of respect and sympathy (which were very numerous) were deposited on the gun-carriage and coffin. The service was conducted by the Bishop of Lichfield, assisted by several of the clergy. After the religious ceremony, the coffin was replaced on the gun-carriage and conveyed to St. Chad's Church, where the burial service was completed and the body of this distinguished Commander was interred with military honours. My best thanks are due to the brother of the deceased, Colonel Henry H. Prior, for the accompanying photograph.

Our friends, the photographers, in their commendable zeal to supply the Press promptly with portraits of officers at "the front," are occasionally not as careful as they should be in identifying them. A case in point. Mr. E. Bacon is kind enough to write: "In your issue of the 10th inst. appears what purports to be a photograph of the late Captain A. H. Bacon, who was unhappily killed in action. It is, however, a photograph of my son, Captain A. E. Bacon, of the Durham Light Infantry, who at this moment is at home, and under order to sail for Rangoon." I need hardly add that I deeply regret so deplorable a mistake was made, and that I feel sure the distinguished firm of Dublin photographers are similarly

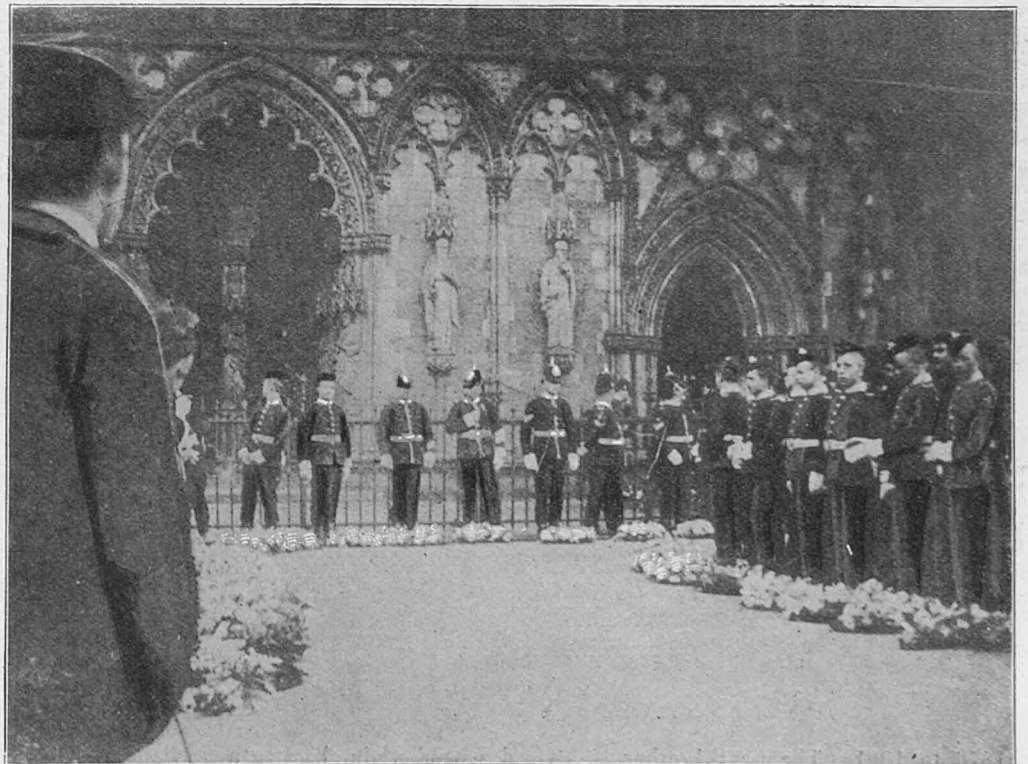
grieved at the grave error. I earnestly hope the friends and relatives of the late Captain A. H. Bacon and that Captain A. E. Bacon and his family will pardon the error when they read that it was committed through pure inadvertence.

For the first time for an innumerable number of years the House of Commons will find itself really depleted of some of its best-known and most popular members. Not only is Lord Stanley actually Aide-de-Camp to General Buller, but Lord Valentia—who has thrown himself with great enthusiasm into raising the Yeomanry corps—is expected to shortly leave for South Africa. Of course, in some ways the two most interesting M.P.'s who have exchanged "the best Club in the world" for the discomforts and perils of camp-life are Lord Cranborne, the Premier's son and heir, who is on service with the Bedfordshire Militia, and Sir Howard Vincent. The more militant spirits at St. Stephen's bitterly regret the latter's departure, as it was whispered some time ago that he had prepared a terrible indictment against the powers that be.

Apropos of absent M.P.'s, a certain mystery seems to shroud the movements of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, who, I hear, left for Natal some time ago. Following the example of Lord Salisbury, who so nobly gave up the invaluable services of Mr. Schömburg McDonnell, Mr. Chamberlain has consented to be deprived of his Parliamentary Secretary, Mr. Cochrane, who has long been an enthusiastic member of the Argyll and Sutherland Militia. The Militia battalion of the Royal West Kent also bears away from Westminster that active Churchman and best of good fellows, Mr. Griffith-Boscawen.

When that detachment of the Imperial Yeomanry which has been accepted for active service has actually sailed for the Cape, English Society will have been deprived—temporarily, let us hope—of some of its shining lights. Lord Wolverton is off on the 27th, and Sir James Miller, who was married only quite recently to one of Lord Curzon of Kedleston's sisters; Major Orr-Ewing, the brother-in-law of the Duke of Roxburghe; Sir Dickson Poynder, and Mr. "Tabb" Brassey, Lord Brassey's only son and heir, are but a few of those who have eagerly seized the opportunity of seeing something of real fighting. Lord De la Warr and Lord Rosslyn, fired by Mr. Winston Churchill's brilliant example, have joined the noble army of War-Correspondents; and many people believe that Lord Basil Blackwood will also publish a book putting his experiences on record. The fact that he is such an admirable artist will, of course, make his task much the easier.

Major Miller-Wallnutt, of the Gordon Highlanders, who fell in the defence of Ladysmith on Jan. 6, though he was only in his thirty-ninth year, had seen a good deal of service. A man of magnificent physique, and 6 ft. 3 in. in height, he was fond of sport, and was an enthusiastic golfer. He was present at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir in 1882, took part in the Sudan Expedition of 1884, and fought at El Teb and Tamai. Major Miller-Wallnutt served with the Chitral Expedition in 1895, and took part in the operations on the North-West Frontier of India in 1897-8. He accompanied the Tirah Expeditionary Force, and was in the action at Dargai. Major Miller-Wallnutt was mentioned in despatches, and won the Distinguished Service Order.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL E. H. PRIOR: SOLDIERS FROM THE LICHFIELD BARRACKS LINING THE WAY TO LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL, WHERE THE SERVICE TOOK PLACE, THE INTERMENT BEING IN ST. CHAD'S CHURCHYARD.

Sir Donald Currie, the Grand Old Man of the London to Cape Town "Castle" Liners, has been indefatigable in his efforts to facilitate the conveyance of our troops to South Africa. Beloved by his captains and mariners and his City staff, who know full well he has their best



SIR DONALD CURRIE, M.P.,

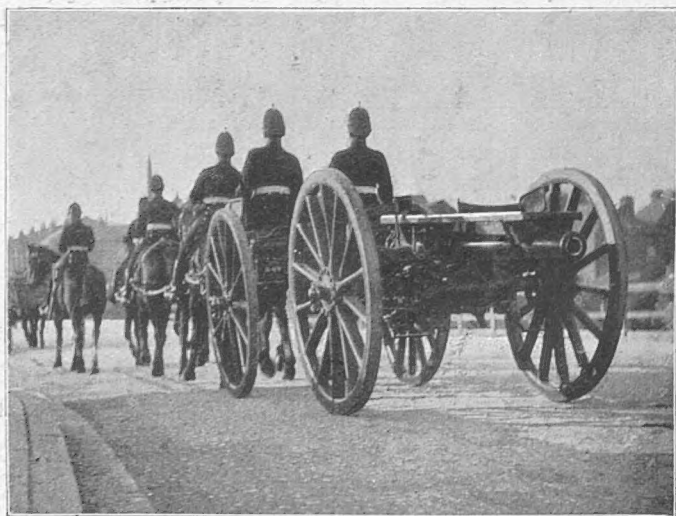
Chairman of the "Castle" Line, by which very many of our officers and troops have proceeded to South Africa. Photo by Cribb, Southsea.

interests at heart, Sir Donald bears his burden of years as lightly as the Grand Old Man bore his before the collapse came. It is a treat to see Sir Donald on board one of his magnificent steamships extolling with characteristic earnestness either the bravery of some of his crew who may have effected a gallant rescue at sea, or doing the honours with grace and geniality as host of a cruising-party, such as Mr. Gladstone more than once joined. At Southampton during the embarkation of "gentlemen in khaki going South," Sir Donald Currie has excelled himself in assiduous attention to the comfort of all. It was on a recent Saturday that the accompanying snapshot of the head of the great shipping firm of Donald Currie and Co. was taken for *The Sketch*.

Captain Robert Swinburne Lowry, R.N., the new Captain of the *Ramillies*, comes from the Naval Intelligence Department, where he superintended the books of photographs of foreign warships. Previously to that he served with Lord Charles Beresford, as Commander of the *Undaunted*. Captain Swinburne is one of the youngest of his rank in the Navy.

Unlike most naval officers, he is both a teetotaler and non-smoker. He takes considerable interest in religious matters, and in his Lieutenant days was much on the Mediterranean Station, where he was very popular with the midshipmen.

Colonel Neville Chamberlain, who is on his way from India to join Lord Roberts' Staff, is the son of a distinguished soldier, and a member of a family almost every member of which has served his country with considerable distinction. The first Baronet, the grandfather of the gallant Colonel, had, besides the heir to the title by his first wife, five sons by his second; of these, four entered the Army and one the Navy. Of the four who chose a military career, General Sir Neville Chamberlain was a dashing cavalry officer who was a keen fighter in many an encounter in the North-Western Provinces of our Indian Empire, who fought through the horrors of the Mutiny, and won high honours in his Indian career. He was Commander-in-Chief at Madras from



68TH FIELD BATTERY (15-POUNDERS),

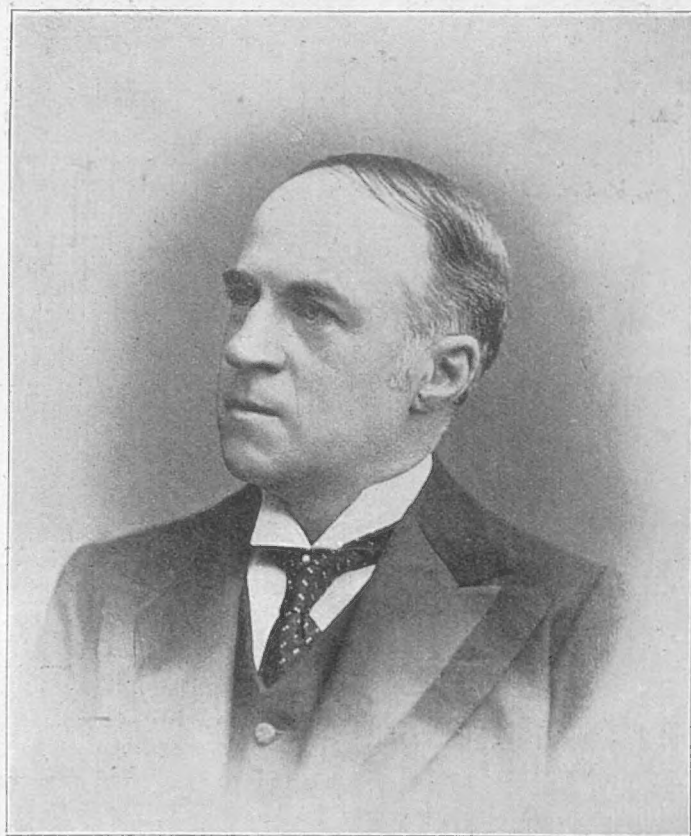
Now mobilising for South Africa, to be commanded by Major W. G. Massy, R.F.A., Brigade-Major at Dover. Photo by Cribb, Southsea.

1876 to 1881. The next brother, Crawford Chamberlain, became a General Officer, Bengal Staff Corps; the third, Thomas, was a Major-General, Bengal Staff Corps; while the fourth, Charles, was a Colonel in the Indian Army, and it is his son—who was at Candahar, and won the esteem of Lord Roberts, which he has always retained—who is now on the way to South Africa.

Colonel Neville Chamberlain's near kinsman, the late Sir Henry Chamberlain, was an officer in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers; his father, also Sir Henry, was in the "Gunnery," while the Colonel's cousin, the present Sir Henry, is a Militia officer. Indeed, almost the only Chamberlain of this particular family who was not either a soldier or a sailor appears to have been the first Baronet, whose honours were won in the Diplomatic Service.

It was recently announced that an anonymous donor had offered Lord Lansdowne a completely equipped field-hospital for South Africa. The Secretary of State for War has now, in conjunction with the Red Cross Committee, definitely accepted the splendid gift, which has been made by Mr. John L. Langman, of 6, Stanhope Terrace, Hyde Park, W. The hospital will be placed on the Lines of Communication, and, like the Portland Hospital (of which Mr. Langman is Honorary Treasurer), will consist of a hundred beds and complete equipment. Mr. Langman's son, Mr. Archie L. Langman, who, as Lieutenant in the Middlesex Yeomanry, had previously volunteered for service with his regiment in South Africa, will, by Mr. Langman's desire, accompany the hospital as Secretary and Treasurer.

Some little time must elapse before everything can be completed for the *personnel* to leave England, but it is anticipated that in no circumstances will more than three or four weeks be allowed to pass before



MR. JOHN LANGMAN,

Whose magnificent offer of a completely equipped Field-Hospital for South Africa has been gratefully accepted by the Secretary of State for War. Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

the staff is on its way to South Africa. There is little doubt that in this instance, as in the case of the Portland Hospital, presents of concentrated soups, milk, chocolate, or contributions in the way of pillows, Nightingales, slippers, supports, air-cushions, pyjamas, mufflers, bandages, games, pipes, tobacco, and the thousand-and-one comforts and delicacies needed will be welcomed for the hospital. Communications respecting the above should be made to the donor, Mr. Langman, at 6, Stanhope Terrace, W.

As first-aid to leader-writers I may note: Recommend in turn each General on the active list for a command in South Africa, and demand, in different issues, the cashiering of each General already there. Advise more (a) infantry, (b) cavalry, and (c) artillery on successive days. Comment at intervals on the absolute necessity of increased attention to transports, ammunition, commissariat, flannel-shirt manufacture, and supply of indiarubber baths. Like the Tariff agents who give a different tip in every paper, you must come out right then. Begin each leader with: "The War Office, ceasing resistance to the pressure brought to bear in our columns, has at length, &c."; or, "It is, we admit, with some self-satisfaction that we refer the reader to our issue of, &c." One leader-writer, by-the-by, who has avoided using the words "swapping horses while crossing the stream," is being cut by his fellow Pressmen for affectation and "side."

A bright and handsome young American actress whose features are known to readers of *The Sketch*, Miss Maud Hoffman is to take part in the revival of "Dandy Dick," at the Criterion, in the rôle of Salome.

"Good-bye, Comrades," Brandon Thomas's seasonable song, fitly figured in the menu of the notable little dinner given by some cheery spirits "A 1 at Lloyd's" to their friends of the Artists' Corps at the Restaurant d'Italie on the eve of their departure with the second contingent of



A KRUGER CARICATURE ON A MENU-CARD OF THE 20TH MIDDLESEX.

the C.I.V. It will be observed from my reproduction of Mr. Charles Pott's smart caricature on the front of the menu that the gallant band of Artists now voyaging to the Cape boast an excellent humorist of the pencil. Cordially wishing the Artists *bon voyage* and a safe return, I would also express the hope that *The Sketch* may be favoured with a few War-drawings from the dexterous pencil of Mr. Pott.

In Mr. George Byron Curtis, Mr. W. H. Mudford has secured the ablest and most experienced successor to the supremely responsible post of Chief Editor of the *Standard*, the leading Conservative daily, and yet a journal of remarkable independence. For a score of years and more the devoted Assistant-Editor of the *Standard* and Mr. Mudford's trusty right-hand man, Mr. Curtis is a cool, calm, experienced journalist, likely to rule with conspicuous fairness and sound judgment in the seat of one of the most honoured of editorial chiefs, a gentleman who has made the *Standard* a power in the land. I have had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Curtis for a considerable period, and venture to congratulate him and the *Standard* alike on his appointment. May his health be preserved and his shadow never grow less!

The production of Signor Puccini's opera, "La Tosca"—you remember how fine Sarah Bernhardt was in the play—at the Costanzi Theatre, Rome, on Jan. 15, proved the greatest success of any musical work recently produced in Italy. The composer, whose "Manon Lescaut" and "Bohème" achieved popularity in London, frankly calls "La Tosca" a melodrama. The libretto is very sensational, but the music is in many portions attractive and melodious. A love-duet in the first act has the graceful flow of the past Italian school, and the sensational duet of the well-remembered supper scene evoked a perfect storm of applause. The composer and principal singers were called to the front more than twenty times.

Miss Linda Hereford, whose portrait I gave last week, informs me that she is not playing in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at Her Majesty's, as was inadvertently stated, but has just taken up the part of Minerva in the revival of "What Happened to Jones," at Terry's Theatre. So much the better for Terry's Theatre!

The Adelphi and the Princess's have done a somewhat curious *chassé-croisé*. "Drink" has departed from the Adelphi—and nowhere else, I fear—and in its place comes "How London Lives," which in December 1897 was produced at the Oxford Street playhouse, whilst the old home of Mr. Wilson Barrett is giving "Two Little Vagabonds," which immediately preceded the run of "How London Lives" at the theatre opposite the Pantheon. Both works have had great success in the past, though they are of very different degrees in merit, and both have the advantage of being performed by companies which include many of the original performers. Miss Sydney Fairbrother and Miss Kate Tyndall will draw your tears and laughter by the impersonation of the Two Little Vagabonds, whilst the ever-popular Mr. Charles Warner fascinates playgoers by his immensely vigorous work as the hero of "How London Lives."

Schomberg Henry Kerr, ninth Marquis of Lothian, who died at his town residence on Jan. 17, was made Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal of Scotland twenty-six years ago, and a K.T. in 1878. He was Hon. Colonel 3rd Battalion Royal Scots Regiment, and Captain-General Royal Corps of Archers. Born in 1833, the late Marquis was educated at Eton and Oxford. He entered the Diplomatic Service forty-six years ago, and from 1862 till 1865 was Second Secretary at Frankfort, Madrid, and Vienna. He was Vice-President of Council of Education for Scotland 1887-92, and had been Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, of which he was an honorary LL.D. The late Marquis married, in 1865, a sister of the present Duke of Buccleuch, and leaves one son and six daughters. His eldest son, the popular young Earl of Ancrum, met with a tragical death in Australia in 1891, when he was accidentally shot by the discharge from a comrade's gun. Lord Jedburgh, born in 1874, succeeds to the marquise and inherits the ancestral estates in Scotland and the lordly residence, Blickling Hall, in the Norfolk Broads.

The Kerr family, to which the late Marquis belonged, is of Anglo-Norman blood. Mark Kerr, son of the last Abbot of Newbattle, got the title of Baron in 1587, and was created first Earl of Lothian in 1606. Newbattle Abbey, the seat of the Marquis of Lothian, situated on the River Esk, near Edinburgh, is a stately edifice, and contains many fine pictures and a library of great value and unique interest. The chapter-house and hall of the old abbey, over which the modern structure was raised, were cleared out and restored by the late Marquis, who was a man of antiquarian tastes, and enhance the old-world charm of the mansion. It was in the grounds of Newbattle in 1503 that the young Princess Margaret of England awaited her Royal lover, James IV. of Scotland, who, ten years later, was slain at Flodden; in 1822 George IV. was entertained at Newbattle; thirteen years ago our gracious Sovereign was welcomed there by the late Marquis; and in 1886 the late Duke of Clarence was a guest. The library contains a small manuscript—one of the most precious in existence; hardly three inches square, it bears the date 1140, and the signature of King David, the "sair saint." An object of interest in the armoury is the Spanish Armada treasure-chest, with its fourteen bolts that lock with one key. Unpretentious and genial as a landlord, the Marquis of Lothian will be long missed by his tenantry and dependents.

Of late, a good many lunatics—sane in other respects—have fancied themselves President Kruger. At a lunatics' dance, a young-lady visitor, who had one "Oom Paul" for a partner, from pure "divilment" asked, "You're Mr. Kruger, aren't you?" The patient seemed about to burst into the expected frenzy, stopped, gave her the suspicion of a wink, and said, "Yes, but I don't talk shop here."



MISS HETTY SPIERS, "PRINCIPAL GIRL" (PRO TEM.) IN THE EDEN THEATRE PANTIMIME, BRIGHTON.

Photo by Lang Sims, Folkestone.

It has long been realised by all lovers of music that the performance of Grand Opera in London should not be limited to two months only during the hottest part of the year, seeing that in every other capital the autumn and winter months are selected as the most fitting for the purpose of musical entertainment. The enterprise for setting on foot the Queen's Opera House is a new departure in regard to popularising high-class music, and it is believed that lyric works of the great Masters performed by the best artists will ensure the permanent establishment of a great Opera House, the prices for admission to which shall be about one-half of those usually charged. It should be noted that an Opera House which will remain open for about ten months in the year for the performance of Grand Italian and English operas would enable proper care to be bestowed on rehearsals and artistic detail.

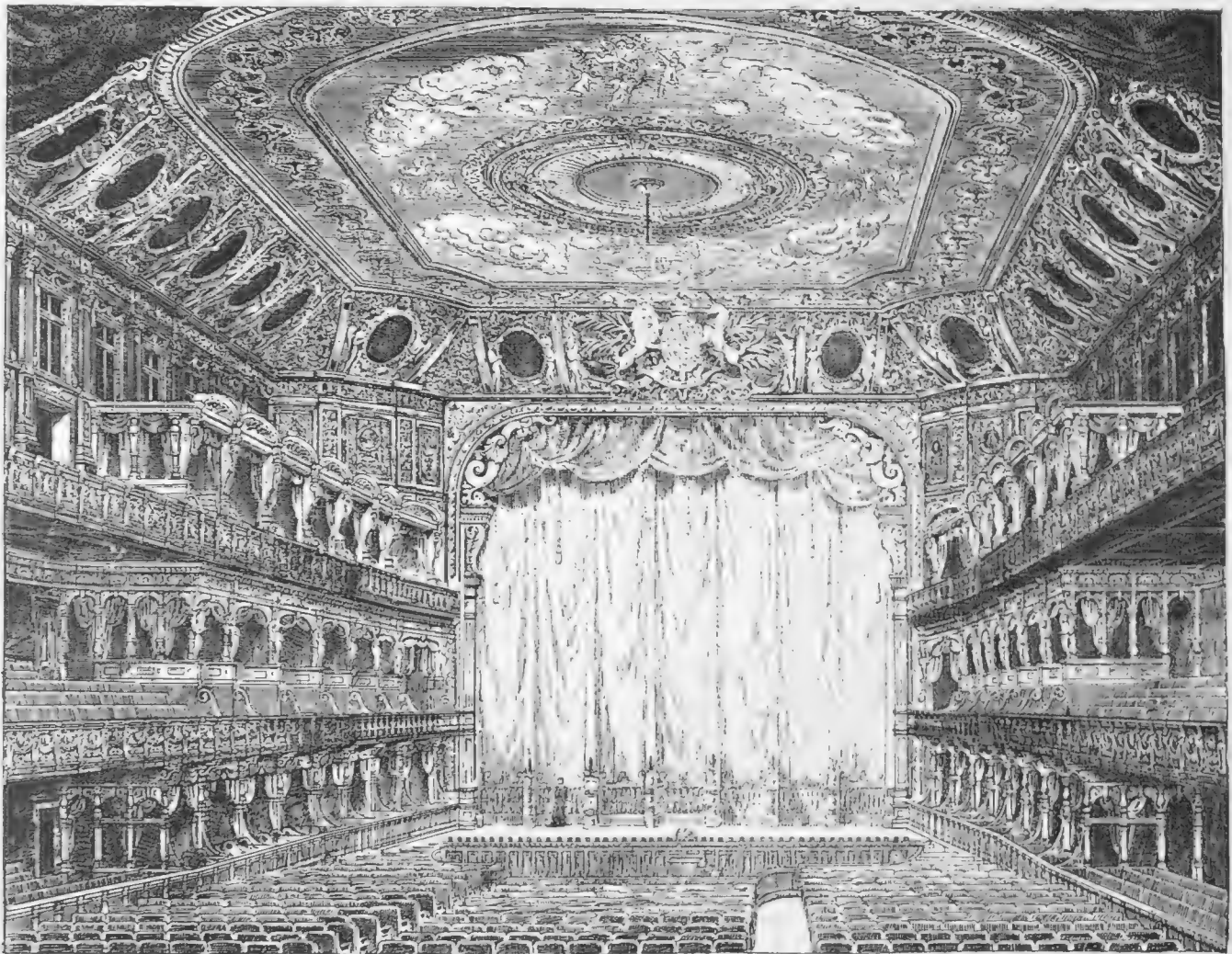
The Opera House will occupy one of the most commanding and salubrious positions in the Metropolis, and there will be twenty-two entrances and exits, thus affording great convenience and security to the public. The building will accommodate three thousand spectators. The architect is Mr. T. E. Knightley, and the builder Mr. C. Wall. The management will be under Colonel Mapleson, whose experience is

success, but her principal triumphs have been associated with Mr. George Edwardes's management. It is obvious that Miss Collingbourne has not been idle in the two years of her brilliant dramatic career.

With Mr. Lal Brough succeeding Mrs. Tree at the Palace, the tone of "the halls" is rapidly being raised beyond recognition. Who is to follow Mr. Brough? I expect to see any time now on the bills—

Henry Irving, the funny man, with his musical pig.
Sisters Terry (startling novelty—they really are sisters).
Wyndham the Wizard. Charlie Wyndham produces nightly the sensational tub trick, and, with Mary Moore, performs on the rolling globe.
Sally Bernhardt, the Strong Woman. "The talk of London."—See papers.

Not the least curious incident of the French Royalist plot was the prevalence of butchers in the affair. One of these butchers arrived at the honours of trial before the High Court, in company with his aristocratic and intellectual co-plotters. This was M. Barillier, butcher of the Quartier St. Germain, and his fortunes are worthy remark. When he made his appearance in the Court-room of the Luxembourg, the reporters observed with ecstasy that he wore his fashionable great-coat



DESIGN OF THE QUEEN'S OPERA HOUSE, LANGHAM PLACE: INTERIOR OF THE CONCERT-HALL.

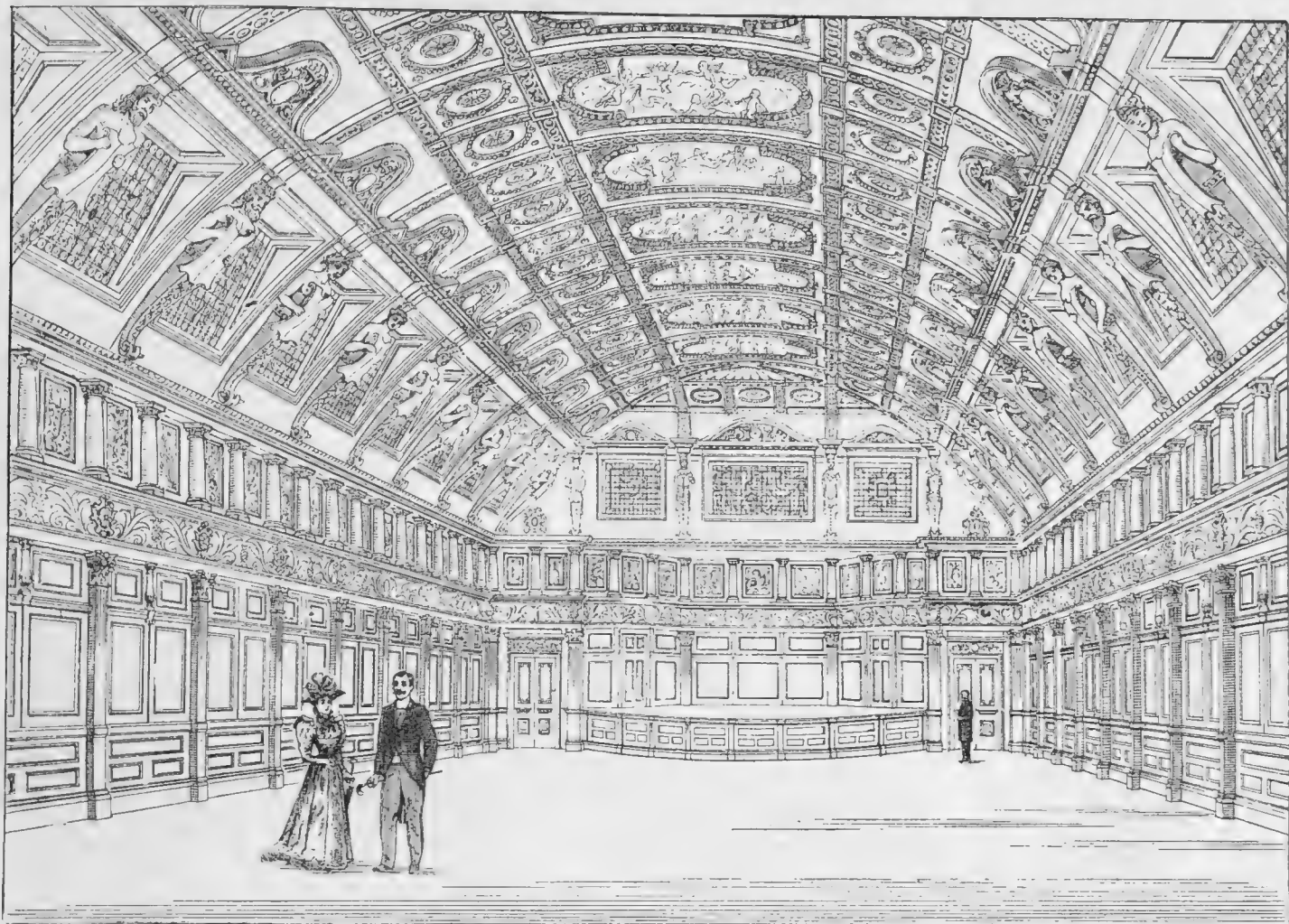
Mr. T. E. Knightley, F.R.I.B.A., Architect.

world-wide, and to whom the public is indebted for having introduced all the most successful vocalists and produced the most favourite operas of the present day. It is anticipated that the Queen's Opera House will be ready for opening by October next, and that the present usefulness of the Queen's Hall for concerts, oratorios, and other musical performances, so ably carried out by Mr. Newman, will in no way be interfered with. To judge from the effect of establishing in Paris the magnificent *Nouvel Opéra*, it may be confidently asserted that the opening of an Opera House on the grandest scale in London will greatly increase the value of the surrounding property.

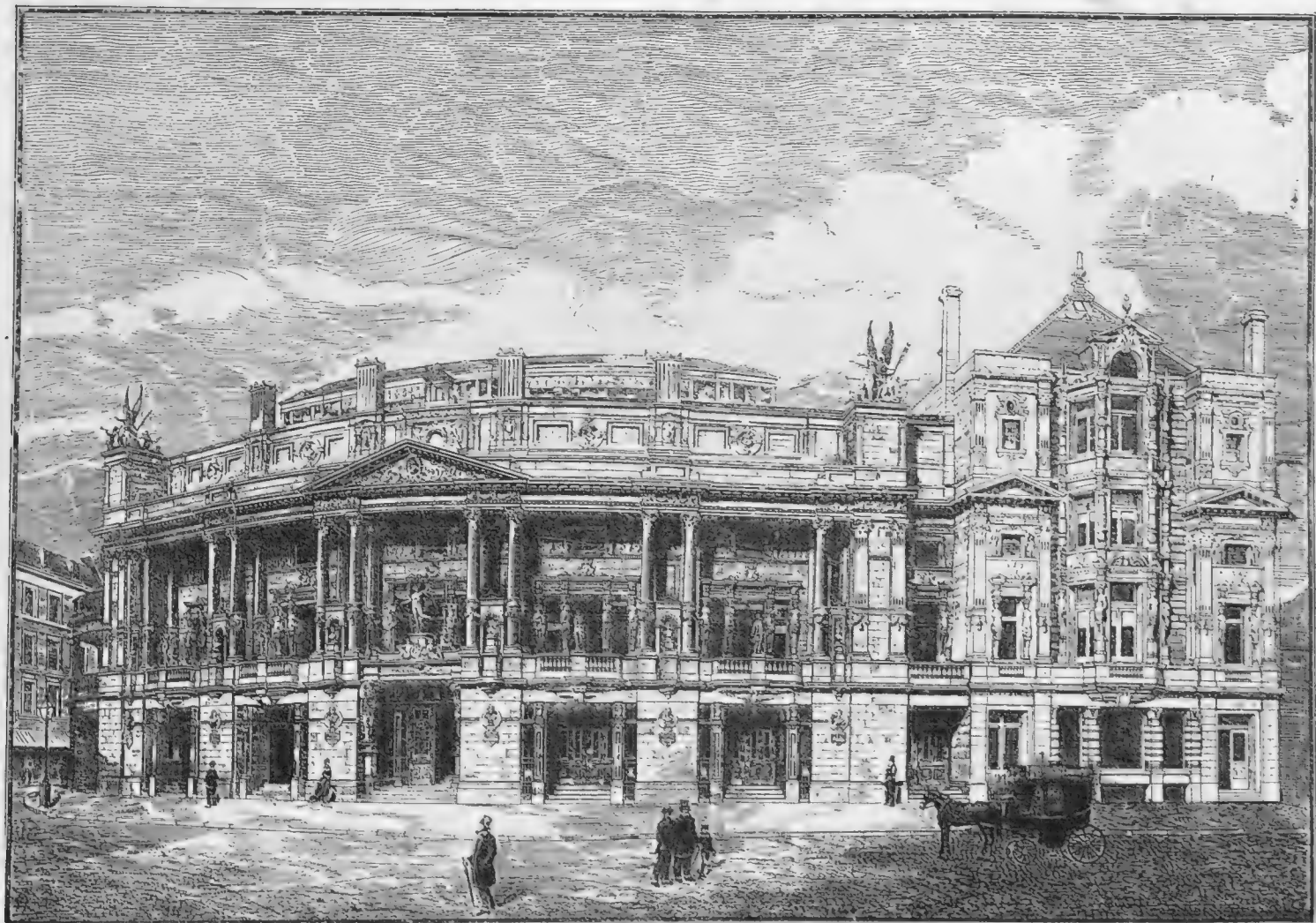
Miss Florence Collingbourne, whose portrait I gave last week, and who is at present playing the title-rôle of *San Toy*, at Daly's Theatre, with such great success, has been on the stage not more than two years, but within that comparatively short period has played some very prominent parts with invariable distinction. Notably, in "The Geisha" Miss Collingbourne played Miss Letty Lind's part—Mollie Seamore. In "A Greek Slave" she played not only the important rôle of Iris—the Greek Slave, also a creation of Miss Letty Lind's—but, what is surprising in so young an artist, gave, in addition, some fine performances of Miss Marie Tempest's part, Maia. Miss Collingbourne appeared for a month or two at the Comedy Theatre in "The Topsy-Turvy Hotel" with complete

with the air of a duke, and that he might give lessons in style to the *jeunesse dorée*. It was this butcher, of all the accused, who was able to call on to the stand a Countess to say that she was "proud to witness publicly her regard for M. Barillier." This lady was the Countess Mirabeau-Martel, otherwise known as "Gyp." But these social honours are not enough, and M. Barillier, the butcher, acquitted, sees political place thrust upon him. He finds his candidature proposed for the Chamber of Deputies! And not only this, but he finds himself thus pitted against two members of the French Academy, François Coppée and Jules Lemaitre, equally proposed for the same place! Whether or not this butcher deserves the fame thrust upon him, he has raised his corporation, and whereas butchers have heretofore been disdained by literature, they will doubtless be, from now on, the preferred heroes of romance.

"Wheat Luncheons" are the latest novelties in town. The table is decorated with corn and flowers, and sometimes tiny wheat-sheaves are piled about the table, while the food is entirely prepared of shredded wheat. The soup has *croûtons* of shredded wheat; the fish is fried in the wheat-crumbs, and also the cutlets; the sweets are all made of it, with custards, fruits, and cream, and the wheat biseuit is cut and toasted for the cheese, and delicious Welsh-rarebit is poured over it.



ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE: PROPOSED RECONSTRUCTION AS RESTAURANT AND CONCERT-HALL IN CONNECTION WITH QUEEN'S HALL.



DESIGN OF THE QUEEN'S OPERA HOUSE, LANGHAM PLACE: EXTERIOR OF THE CONCERT-HALL.

Mr. T. E. Knightley, F.R.I.B.A., Architect.

LORD STRATHCONA'S NOBLE WAR-GIFT.

The munificent offer of this nobleman to arm, equip, and convey at his own charges, from the North-West Territories of Canada to South Africa, a force of at least four hundred mounted officers and men—a proposal which has been gratefully accepted by the War Office—calls attention once more to one of the most remarkable personalities of our time. Few men have had a more extraordinary career, and certainly it falls but rarely to the lot of anyone to be given such length of days, crowned with such success and so many honours, as has fallen to the portion of Lord Strathcona.

Lord Strathcona, who is now in his eightieth year, began life as a clerk in the service of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company in 1838. In those days the Hudson's Bay Company resembled in a measure the East India Company, and was much more than the great commercial concern it is at the present time. Then, and for many years afterwards, the government of the vast country known as Prince Rupert's Land, whose area was something like that of Europe, was in the hands of the Governor of the Company and of their officers, who were stationed at hundreds of posts, or "Forts," throughout this enormous territory. The service was one which made a strong appeal to young fellows of sturdy fibre who loved adventure and were inclined to make light of hardships. And promotion, accompanied by substantial financial rewards, if sometimes a little long in coming, was sooner or later assured. The great majority of the Company's officers were drawn from the North of Scotland, and Donald Alexander Smith, now Lord Strathcona, was a Morayshire boy. His first position took him to a lonely post at Ungava, on the inhospitable coast of Labrador, where he spent thirteen years. Once a year, and sometimes only once in two years, did news from the outside world reach this isolated Fort of the Company; the long periods of silence otherwise remaining unbroken save for the rare visits of the aborigines bringing furs and peltries to exchange for guns and powder and tobacco and other articles of merchandise.

It had always been the honourable and no less sensible policy of the Hudson's Bay Company to promote their officers according to an established scale—after so many years as a clerk, a man was advanced to the position of "Trader," and was perhaps put in charge of a small post. Next, after a certain length of time, or for merit, he was given the higher rank of "Chief Trader," and some men remained Chief Traders all their lives. Two higher steps were, however, to be reached; the officer might become "Factor," or, better still, "Chief Factor," when a large and important district would be committed to his care. Each of these successive promotions carried with it an increased share in the dividends of the Company, who paid their officers not by salaries but on the co-operative principle. Lord Strathcona rose through all the various grades until he was Chief Factor Donald A. Smith. Meanwhile, he had been transferred from Labrador to the charge of various posts and districts in the North-West of Canada—a part of the Empire with whose subsequent development he has had much to do. It is eminently appropriate that the troops he is to add to the British Army should be drawn from that portion of the Dominion with which he was associated for so many years. After rather more than a quarter of a century's service, he was given the highest position in the Company other than that of the Governorship (which was held in London), becoming Deputy-Governor and Chief Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada, with his headquarters at Montreal. To-day, he is Governor of the Company.

This record of achievement would be enough for most men, but it is only half of Lord Strathcona's. When he was nearly fifty, a series of events occurred at Fort Garry—or Winnipeg, as it was coming to be called—which are known in Canadian history as the Red River Rebellion. It may be remembered that Lord Wolseley first won fame by being in command of the expedition which put that rising down, and it was owing to this affair that Lord Strathcona first figured prominently in public life, being appointed by the Dominion Government a Special Commissioner to inquire into the causes which had led to the Rebellion. The troubles had arisen in what had been the very

heart of the Hudson's Bay Company's territory, and Lord Strathcona's knowledge of the country and its people, combined with his tact and prudence, smoothed the way to a permanent settlement. When Manitoba, the scene of the Rebellion, was organised as a Province of the Dominion in 1870, Lord Strathcona was the first M.P. in the Dominion House of Commons for the new constituency of Winnipeg. A few years later, he sat for another Manitoba constituency, that of Selkirk. Defeated in 1880, he retired from politics till 1887, when he was returned for Montreal by a majority of 1450, and again in 1891 by a majority of over 3700. In 1896 he again went on a Special Commission to Manitoba—on this occasion in connection with the famous Manitoba Schools question. In April of the same year he was offered and accepted the position of High Commissioner for the Dominion in London—a position which he still occupies.

But successful as Lord Strathcona has been in business, and conspicuous as he has been in the political life of Canada, his chief claim upon us in this country lies in the fact that he has been one of the Empire-builders. He is a keen Imperialist, as his magnificent offer shows. He has been for some time a member of the Council of the British Empire League, and was one of the leading spirits in the Imperial Federation League in Canada. And it is to Lord Strathcona, more than to any other man, that we owe that splendid Imperial highway

across Canada, the Canadian Pacific Railway. Speaking at a banquet in London in 1897, Sir Charles Tupper, a man who had not always held the friendliest opinion of Lord Strathcona, said that the Canadian Pacific would have had "no existence to-day, notwithstanding all that the Canadian Government had done to support the undertaking, had it not been for the indomitable pluck, energy, and determination" of Lord Strathcona. There were many dark days in the history of the Canadian Pacific Railway, when its defeat seemed certain owing to lack of funds, but Lord Strathcona triumphantly pulled it through. His services to the Empire in connection with the construction of the "Road" were acknowledged by the Queen by his being made a K.C.M.G. in 1886, the higher rank of Grand Cross being conferred upon him on his becoming High Commissioner for Canada. In 1897 he was raised to the peerage, under the style of Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal of Glencoe and of Montreal. He purchased the estate of Glencoe, historic Glencoe, in 1895.

Lord Strathcona's last gift is one of a series of princely benefactions. Some years ago, he, in conjunction with Lord Mount Stephen, also raised to the peerage in recognition of his services with respect to the Canadian Pacific Railway, gave a million dollars to the Royal Victoria Hospital, in Montreal, a sum which he supplemented by further donations of nearly as much again for its maintenance. To the University of McGill, Montreal (of which he is Chancellor), he gave 400,000 dollars,

including the "Donalds" endowment for the higher education of women. In 1896 he erected in Montreal and endowed the Royal Victoria College for the Higher Education of Women. He has founded many scholarships in schools and colleges in Canada, and has been concerned in founding two more at the Royal College of Music in London for Canadians. He is a great patron of art, and his house in Dorechester Street, Montreal, contains some magnificent paintings, among them the "First Communion" of Breton, for which he gave £9000. And, certainly, in this last act of his he has established a new claim to our interest and admiration.

The Queen's interest in the war and in the military preparations not only continues unabated, but grows stronger as time goes on. Lord Valentia, who has an official post at Court, has kept Her Majesty informed of everything that is being done concerning the Militia and Volunteer forces who have offered themselves for service abroad. As was the case during the Crimean War, the Sovereign takes special heed of the wounded, and all the arrangements made for their comfort, both at "the front," in Cape Town, and at Netley, are reported to her regularly. The Queen is familiar with the personality of Sir William MacCormac, the more so that he was sent for when Prince Christian sustained so severe an injury to one of his eyes when shooting the Osborne coverts some autumns ago.



LORD STRATHCONA, WHO HAS GENEROUSLY OFFERED TO EQUIP A CANADIAN REGIMENT OF "ROUGH-RIDERS" FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Notman and Son, Montreal.



THE LATE LADY ALICE MONTAGU,
WHOSE LAMENTED DEATH, ON JAN. 10, HAS PLUNGED INTO MOURNING MANY LEADERS OF LONDON SOCIETY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MENDELSSOHN, FEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

BY ADRIAN ROSS.

The painful periods of suspense that have more than once occurred during the present war have made some of us—including, possibly, proprietors of newspapers—doubt of the utility of War-Correspondents; they must have made most men doubt very seriously of the utility of the tame war-"experts" that most of our leading papers have turned on. The information accessible to these worthies is exactly what is at the call of "the man in the street," who knows as much of policy as the Cabinet, and more of war than some of the Generals. The censored Correspondent at "the front" knows, but cannot tell; the expert at home will tell, but knows nothing. And, expert as he may be, he is far from illuminative in his comments. He has to make bricks without straw, and he generally does not even know where to gather stubble for himself.

It is natural for a man to prefer not to prophesy till he knows; but certainly, if any military expert has helped anyone to forecast events, I have not read his article in a tolerably exhaustive study of the Daily Press. Generally, the expert is of the half-pay, carping. The working experts are mostly at "the front," finding out that real war is a complicated affair that does not always come under rules. The daily lucubator on the campaign naturally expects those in power to make a mess of it. He is a critic of a severe type; he is dealing with people who are doing what he himself has done better, or thinks he could have done better. And he has the personal grievance that he is compelled to talk and talk with nothing fresh to talk about.

Not that the expert always makes the most of his information. The movements attributed to the Boers during the recent cessation of intelligence were such as even their mobility would hardly permit. They were credited with retaining positions while giving up the sole communications of these positions, with evacuating ground essential to their command of other ground that they were still holding. Sometimes they obviously forgot the position of places they had been arguing about. Now, military movements are often obscure; but there is in the *real* expert a detective power which can often grasp the truth from a single indication. If we had more really scientific soldiers, we should have more real military experts, instead of weary grumblers who get on the nerves of the reader.

There is one point which has been clearly brought out in the present conflict—it is that war, though *not* one of the exact sciences (as nothing can be that deals with men and their passions), is far more scientific than we have admitted. Every one of the British defeats has been due, so far, to neglect of the elementary rules and precautions of warfare, quite as bad as anything in the American Civil War. Magazine-rifles and quick-firing guns have done nothing to increase the slaughter or the risk—rather the reverse. Grant at Cold Harbor in 1864 flung away twelve thousand men inside of an hour by the simple plan of "advance along the whole line" against an intrenched position, never properly reconnoitred. This was ten per cent. of his force. Burnside at Fredericksburg in 1862 did just the same, throwing in divisions by dribblets, and losing half of each one. And the reason was that these Generals, though brave and (in Grant's case) very successful, did not make war by scientific methods.

There are two kinds of people who make war as it should be made—the scientific soldier who is also an able man generally, and the man with a born instinct for fighting and commanding. Kitchener is probably our best specimen of the first; Baden-Powell the type of the second. The foreign advisers of the Boers are probably some of them of the former class; a great many of the Boers belong to the latter. The man to whom soldiering is not his science, his art, or his passion, ought never to command. The sportsman who fights as he would play polo, the citizen who wages war as a public but distasteful duty, are useful in their way, but it must be a subordinate way. War is not a recreation or a task to the true soldier, it is a life work and a life's passion.

And this is what it must be to us henceforth, if our Empire is to be kept. We must have Generals and high officers who are *always* thinking of improving our Army machine; we must have other officers *always* on the alert to test and introduce any and every practical detail that adds to efficiency; we must have statesmen *always* craving for a chance of making the country stronger against its enemies; and, last of all, we must have a public opinion not only warlike but military. We must not, we shall not, be more aggressive for being more efficient. Probably the knowledge that we are well prepared will cause us to beware of taking offence, knowing that we are able to make the offender beware of us. Also, it will prevent others from giving us offence.

It is all very well to talk of peace. There are two kinds of peace. Peace after Majuba has given us this war. Peace after Waterloo has given us nearly a century of peace—often precarious, but still peace—with France. If we do not show that it is dangerous to quarrel with us, we shall be quarrelled with while we have anything worth taking.

CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS COSTUME BALL.
AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

At the present time, when the loyal residents of this great city are mourning the loss of so many of its brave sons, and military matters are the one subject of conversation, it was a pleasure indeed to enter the



MISS NELLIE MARSHALL AS PIERRETTE.

This little lady is the daughter of Mr. Horace Marshall, the eminent publisher. Photo by Wyland, & Co., London.

hospitable doors of the Mansion House on the occasion of the Juvenile Fancy-Dress Ball on the 11th inst. Even here, amongst the smiling and happy faces of the children, you were reminded of the terrible struggle taking place in Africa by the distinctly military and patriotic character of the dresses. This annual function is always a pretty sight—this year more so than usual, when some eleven hundred visitors, about seven hundred of whom were children, entered the Mansion House to enjoy the unbounded hospitality of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. The entrance-steps were lined by a guard of honour, supplied by the cadets of the London Rifle Brigade, and the little guests had to walk through a double line of spectators along the entire length of the Saloon, where they

were received by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress.

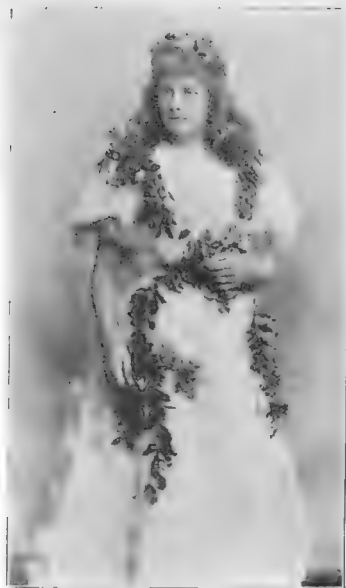
Amongst the distinguished company present were the Earl and Countess of Denbigh, the Earl and Countess of Albemarle, Colonel, Mrs., and Miss Mackinnon, Alderman Sir Walter and Lady Wilkin, Alderman Sir H. E. and Lady Knight, Sir Joseph Renals, Bart., Lady Renals, Alderman Sir J. Voce Moore, Alderman Sir J. T. Ritchie, Sir Halliday and Lady Macartney, Sir James Blyth, Bart., and Miss Blyth, Sir Charles Hall, Q.C., Mr. Justice and Lady Channell, Sir F. Dixon-Hartland, Bart., M.P., and Lady Dixon-Hartland.

There were plenty of amusements for the children besides dancing, including the ever-popular "Punch and Judy," conjuring, marionettes, and ventriloquism. Herr Warm's Viennese White Band supplied the music, and the scene in the Egyptian Hall was beyond description. I am able to give only a very few of the costumes, but special mention must be made of those which attracted most attention.

The Lady Mayoress wore a rose-and-white gown trimmed with lace and chiffon; Miss Newton was in white satin and chiffon. The dresses of the children partook, as might have been expected at such a time, of a distinctly military character, and there was quite a little troop of New South Wales Lancers, Gordon Highlanders, men of the Black Watch, soldiers in khaki, ladies in khaki also, and nurses. The procession, which probably interested the adults much more than the children, was headed by a bonny little fellow who could not have been seen more than four summers, dressed as a barrister, carrying a brief marked "The Corporation of London v. the Boers." Another striking costume was Master Joel's "Tommy Atkins, and the Girl he left behind him." The wearer's face showed under a smart Dragoon's cap, and he wore a private's uniform; but, reversed, the same figure was a servant-girl, in print-dress, white cap and apron, and broom in hand. Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock* was represented by Miss May Rowbotham, in a white serge sailor-suit and a miniature yacht carried on the top of the head. Miss Salmon, as Good-Night, was in flowing night-dress and a cap, and carried a candle in her hand. One little boy was dressed as a Guardsman, with a band across his shoulders bearing the words "Absent-Minded Beggar." Miss Eden was one of four "Union Jacks," but her dress was conspicuous as being absolutely correct in every detail; the top of the staff she carried was ornamented with the three crosses of St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and St. George, which form the complete Union Jack of the present date. No doubt the success of the evening was scored by Master and Miss Blackaller, dressed as Mr. and Mrs. Noah coming out of the Ark at the Crystal Palace pantomime. Miss Nellie Marshall, aged ten, the sweet little daughter of Mr. Horace Marshall, the eminent publisher, looked very bewitching as Pierrette. The Lady Mayoress's little niece, Miss Dorothy Lavington Evans, made a very pretty Butterfly in a white tulle frock with silver butterflies. An extremely novel costume was that worn by Miss Dorothy Kerr. A red satin frock was ornamented on the bodice with soldiers and sailors, Union Jack epaulettes, and a red, white, and blue belt. The skirt—representing the Civil Service—was decorated with Colonial postage-stamps, a mail-bag, "from London to Pretoria," with telegraph wires at the foot. The Play was represented by Miss Muriel Harvey as "Sydney Carton" in "The Only Way." Miss Barlow chose Miss Winifred Emery's dress in "The Black Tulip," and Miss Johnstone made a good "Runaway Girl." Taken altogether, what with the Arabs, Geishas, Fairies, Belles of New York, cooks, pages, courtiers, clowns, jesters, nurses, Red Riding Hoods, &c., the spectacle was a record one even for the official residence of the Chief Magistrate of the Chief City in the World.

CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS COSTUME BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

From Photographs by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.



MISS NELLIE KEY AS
WINTER.



MISS VERONICA WILLIAMS AS A CHILD
OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



MISS PHYLLIS BARKER AS THE
BELLE OF NEW YORK.



MISS ELLA BROUGH AS
WINTER.



MASTER CECIL CREMETTI AS AN
ORDERLY OFFICER.



MASTER PAUL CREMETTI AS A
BENGAL LANCER.



MASTER MAX CREMETTI AS A
GORDON HIGHLANDER.



MASTER EUGENE CREMETTI AS A
NEW SOUTH WALES LANCER.



MISS QUERNIE WALKER AS
LADY TEAZLE.



MISS OLIVE CHARD AS
FLORODORA.



MISS M. M. MENPES AS A
GEISHA.



MISS FRANCES HUDSON AS
TRILBY.

THE FIRST (ROYAL) DRAGOONS.

Three grand old regiments of British Dragoons are amongst our cavalry at present at "the front"—the 1st Royals, the Scots Greys, and the Inniskillings, commonly called "The Skins." We find them side by side in many a hard-fought battle in which the weight of arm and firm seat of the British Dragoon has wrested from superior numbers glorious victories and undying fame.

Ponsonby's "Union Brigade" at Waterloo it was that brought fresh bays to decorate the war-worn colours of these gallant regiments. Dense masses of French, rolling onward like ocean-waves to engulf the seemingly weak line of British, staggered beneath the shock of the charge of the "Union Brigade"—staggered and fled. The Dragoons pressed on, galloped through the seventy-four advanced guns of Ney's, sabred the gunners, cut the artillery-horses' throats, and rendered those batteries entirely useless. Two eagles and two thousand prisoners were taken; one eagle was captured by Captain A. K. Clarke, afterwards Colonel Clarke-Kennedy.

Again we meet the Royals at Balaclava, brigaded as at Waterloo, under Scarlett, together with the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards. Scarlett's three hundred had charged the dense mass of Russian cavalry, and were almost swallowed up in that unwieldy grey-green mass. The Royals, kept in reserve and evidently forgotten, suddenly observed the enemy's right wing moving forward and wheeling to the left, with the evident intention of attacking the Scots Greys in flank and rear. A cry from the ranks, "By God, the Greys are cut off! Gallop! gallop!" A cheer broke from the Royals, and, without word of command, the regiment formed up and charged. The Russians, surprised, endeavoured to move a detachment out to their right, with the intention of closing in on the Royals' left flank; they were met by the rear squadron of the Royals, and checked. A desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued, but the thick grey coats of the Russians made it almost impossible to get cut or thrust home. Owing to the suddenness with which the charge had been started, a certain amount of confusion had got into the ranks of the Royals, so Colonel Yorke wisely rallied his men. The regiment was consequently halted and re-formed. Major Wardlaw, afterwards in command of the regiment, took part in this action. He had been suffering severely from illness for some time; but, whilst lying down outside his tent-door, he saw our Dragoons with the enemy in front of them. Instantly mounting his charger, which was always kept ready notwithstanding his illness, he reached the scene of action just as his regiment was re-forming. A gallant deed was performed by Troop-Sergeant-Major Morris on this occasion. He had got rather too far afield during the charge, and, on hearing the rally, hastened back to the regiment. He was opposed on open ground by four Russian Hussars. Nothing daunted, he went for the nearest of them, killed him, drove off the rest, and captured the charger of the slain man as well.

Raised in 1661 for service in Tangiers, under the Earl of Peterboro', the regiment was engaged in many actions and skirmishes, the records of which are almost unknown to most. In 1664, Captain Witham, with a body of horse, fell upon a vastly superior force of the enemy, and captured a splendid standard. In 1684, the Tangiers Horse, with the remnants of several other regiments of Dragoons, was formed into the Royal Regiment of Dragoons, and the Colonelcy given to John Churchill, who afterwards, as Duke of Marlborough, led them to many a victory. Their uniform at the time was scarlet lined with blue, the troopers' hats adorned with silver lace and blue ribbons, the crown of the hat provided with a metal guard inside. High jack-boots completed their costume. The horse-furniture consisted, among other items, of a scarlet saddle-cloth with blue trimmings. Under James II. the regiment fought at Sedgemoor, and were on duty on Tower Hill when Monmouth was executed. When James II. abdicated, the regiment transferred its loyalty and services to William III., and were conspicuous for their valour in many engagements in Ireland and Scotland. The Royals were the first regiment to cross the pontoon-bridge over the Shannon, and found themselves opposed by an old commander of theirs, Colonel Clifford, who had been raised to the rank of General by James II.

The year 1702 found the Royals engaged in covering the sieges of Venloo, Ruremonde, Bonn, and Limburg. Their expedition to Portugal in 1704 was not a success, owing to the folly and criminal parsimony of the Portuguese authorities, who supplied horses that were so inferior that only twenty men per troop could be mounted. At the relief of S. Mattheo, two hundred of the regiment formed the cavalry of a force that routed five times their number of the enemy.

At Dettingen, their first honour, the Royals captured the standard of the famous Mousquetaires Noirs. The standard was white, emblazoned with gold and silver. It was blood-red before a sergeant of the Royals claimed it as his.

In 1760 we find the Royals abroad again, actively engaged at Warburg, in which action they took 21 officers and 200 men of the Swiss regiment of Plauta prisoners.

The Peninsula was a grand field of operation for the British Dragoon, and here we find our gallant 1st Royals conspicuous for their bravery, and for the number of prisoners they took. Charging threatening masses of French at Fuentes d'Oñoro, two squadrons of 1st Royals released a party of our Foot Guards who had been taken prisoners, and also captured their captors.

South Africa offers splendid opportunities for our bold Dragoons, and we are confidently awaiting the successes of those of the strong arm and firm seat whose efforts are directed against those that seek to undermine the vast Empire their forbears helped to build up. G. B.

BOOKS OF THE PERIOD.

No work of any modern author has been received with a more universal paean of praise than Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca," a tragedy in four acts. It was commissioned by Mr. George Alexander, who holds the acting rights, although he, blocked with plays, has allowed the work to appear in book form, and to receive its first judgment from the impression it makes in the study rather than on the stage. Eulogy has almost out-eulogised itself in finding terms of sufficient appreciation for this work, in which one of our famous dramatic critics declares "Mr. Phillips has achieved the impossible," while another critic, himself a poet, says, "While 'Paolo and Francesca' is a noble poem, it is so largely for the reason that it is a noble drama as well."

Whether "Paolo and Francesca" is the great drama the above-quoted critics declare it to be is a question which time and its production on the stage alone can answer. Meantime, it is worth noting that Mr. Stephen Phillips's construction reduces his scenes to practically all duologues from the beginning to the end—and duologues have a tendency to weary an audience—while his characterisation is but slight. Indeed, the best-drawn character, as it appears to the writer of these lines, is neither Paolo nor Francesca, nor Paolo's brother Giovanni, but their cousin Lucrezia, to whom belongs the most impassioned speech in the play, a speech quoted as a poem in the New Year's Number of the *Century*.

That "Paolo and Francesca" contains some great lines is unquestionable. Some of the poetry brings a flush of joy to one's brain, and brains can flush with joy as faces do. That was to be expected, for Mr. Phillips has the gift of words, and the gift of phrase. Naturally, he has chosen blank verse as his medium for expression, and this he mingles with prose—as Shakspeare does, as some critics have pointed out; but the impression of one scene in the second act is certainly not Shaksperian but Browningsque, recalling vividly the scene with Bluebocks and the girls in "Pippa Passes."

One thing, which is not a matter of feeling but of fact, is rather astounding, and it has apparently escaped the eyes of those who have written so enthusiastically of the play. Early in the second act, Paolo says, "Six miles from hence I take command for Florence." Surely Mr. Phillips meant to write "from here" and not "from hence." In another place, although more defensible, is the expression, "No one in all this world but you and I, Francesca," where "but" is so obviously in place of "except" that the ear instinctively demands "me," and not "I." Perhaps these solecisms are but spots on the sun, but the suns of poets should surely be grammatically spotless.

Most opportunely, while, out of three promised "Old Comedies" at the Haymarket Theatre, "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal" are underlined for production, Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have issued in their "Library of English Classics" a volume of the plays of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. They are preceded by an interesting Bibliographical Note by Mr. A. W. Pollard, whose initials—which, by the way, alone are signed—correspond with those of the gentleman who fills Sheridan's chair to-day in being recognised as the foremost dramatist of the English theatre. He would be a bold man who would, within a limited space, attempt to write new things of Sheridan, although new things can always be written of genius. A very cordial word of appreciation may, however, be written of the way in which the volume is got up. The print is a delight to the eyes, and it is unfortunate that "A Trip to Scarborough" and "Pizarro" are presented in much smaller type than the better-known and more important plays, although the reason is obvious—not to produce an unwieldy volume, as the paper is pleasantly thick.

A few changes have been made in the text, but they are all so judicious—and, in most cases, it is the spelling of the words rather than their sound which is interfered with—that no critic could possibly take exception to their introduction. Such a change, for instance, says the Bibliographical Note, occurs at the end of "The School for Scandal," where the text has always been printed—

Though thou, dear maid, shouldst wave thy beauty's sway.

"Waive," as Mr. Pollard says, is obviously the real spelling. One cannot understand how the mistake arose—or rather, one can easily understand it when one remembers the looseness of the spelling in the last quarter of the last century. An exquisitely humorous thing in connection with this very word, in its very place, is that, although in the Bibliographical Note it is distinctly said that the "dear maid" is made to "waive" instead of to "wave" her "beauty's sway"—one of the "alterations for which no apology is needed, though not all editors have been at the pains to make them," to quote the words of "A. W. P."—yet, on turning to the speech, which occurs on page 289, the word is actually printed "wave" instead of "waive"! Printers' errors have always much to answer for, but surely an editor who had such a pet idea would see, after he had specially called attention to the fact, that someone would "have been at the pains to make" the alteration.

It is worth noting, as showing the way in which Sheridan worked, that he refused to allow Ridgway, of Piccadilly, to print an authorised English edition of his plays, on the ground that "he had been nineteen years endeavouring to satisfy himself with the style of 'The School for Scandal,' but had not yet succeeded." In spite of this fact, however, the play still takes rank as being the best comedy in the language—at all events, of its day—and it is a perennial source of delight to those who know it best.



KEEPING THE POT OF PLEASURE BOILING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: BICYCLE PURSUIT RACE.



BEDOUIN ARABS IN THE ALHAMBRA COURT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

FAMOUS REGIMENTS FOR "THE FRONT."

Among the most recent arrivals in South Africa is the 1st Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry, once the 43rd Monmouthshire Light Infantry of glorious memory. Though it boasts neither a "royal" title nor the facings worn by regiments so designated, the 43rd has won distinction enough to be able to dispense with an honour that does not

and New Zealand, the 43rd has always distinguished itself, and it will undoubtedly do its best to maintain its grand traditions.

Some year or so ago there arose an agitation both in Canada and in this country anent the repatriation of the "Royal Canadians," the one-time 100th Foot. The events of the past few months, however, have given the gallant Canadians another and a very different opportunity of showing their attachment to the Mother Country, which they have gladly



THE BEARER CORPS OF THE 5TH VOLUNTEER BATTALION OF THE HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT.

always mean a great deal, for it is one of the three regiments which formed the famous "Light Division" with Wellington in the Peninsular War, its present 2nd Battalion (the old 52nd Oxfordshire Light Infantry) having also been one of the three, the other being what was then the 95th Regiment, now the "Rifle Brigade."

Its first war-service was in Canada, and it was with Wolfe at Quebec. But, after much more fighting in America, the West Indies, and at Copenhagen, also with Sir John Moore at Corunna, the 43rd covered itself with glory in the Peninsula, fighting in almost every action. Indeed, the Oxfords, besides "Corunna," "Peninsula," and "Waterloo," bear no less than eleven of Wellington's victories on their colours, and it must be remembered that these should really count twice over, as both battalions fought in the battles. Since then, in South Africa, the Mutiny (when the regiment marched 1300 miles in the "hot weather"),

availed themselves of. *The Sketch* had something to say in the discussion of the question, and it reproduced a very handsome Christmas Card sent from Halifax, Nova Scotia, by the 1st Battalion of the regiment.

The Government, in pursuance of the scheme, when the 2nd Battalion were leaving Canada for Barbados, ordered the 1st Battalion to Canada. Now, the old 100th is coming home, and will in all probability form part of the 8th Division. The 100th was formed in Canada in 1858, and has seen no war-service, its "honour" of "Niagara" being acquired from a former "100th." Its other "honour" of "Central India" was won by its 2nd Battalion, the "109th Bombay Infantry"—an old "John Company" regiment. Surely one of the strangest transformations of the Territorial system was that which coupled a Canadian regiment with another of Indian origin, under the title of "The Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians)."



THE HAMPSHIRE CARABINIERS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HUGHES AND MULLINS, RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

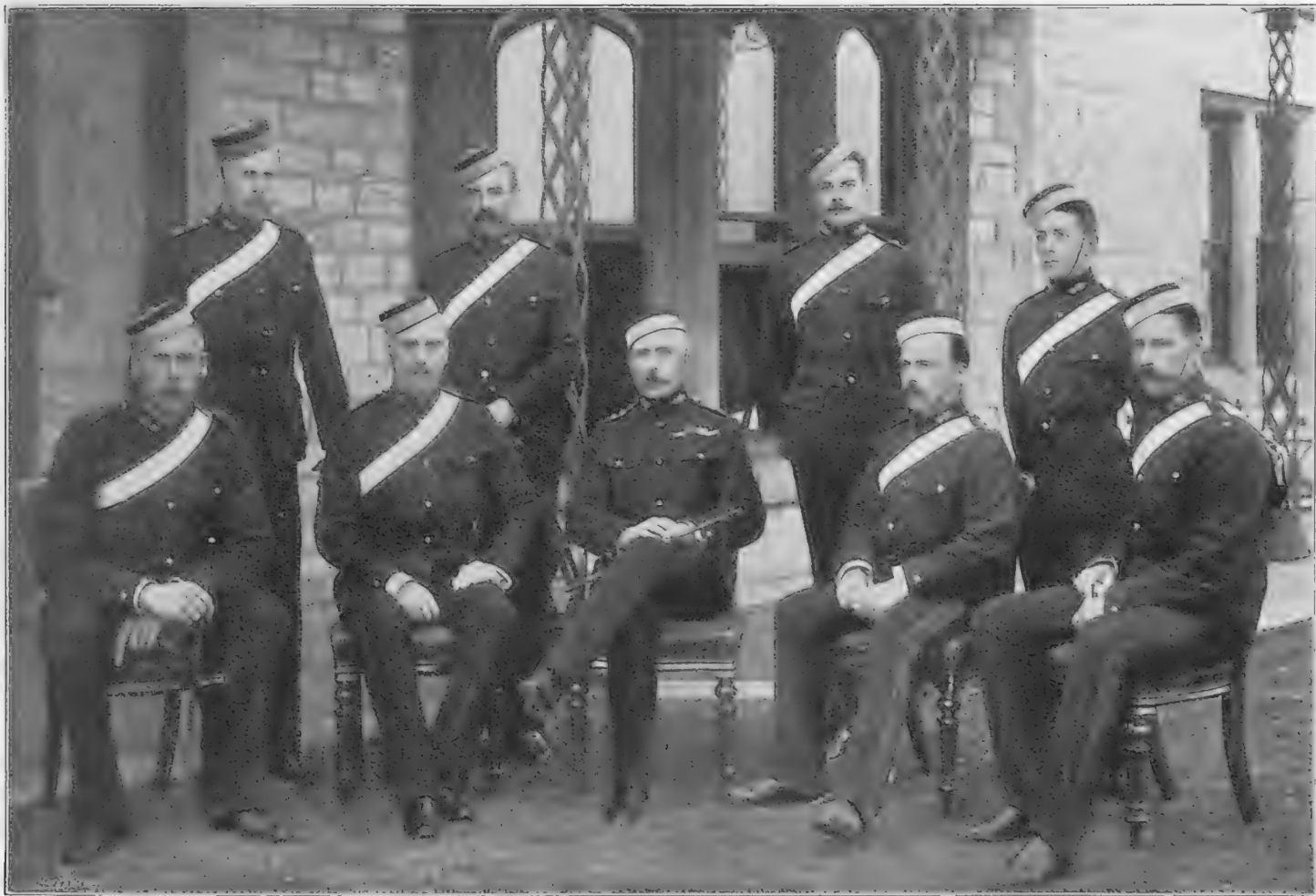
Capt. Holt. Major Bright-Smith. Lieut. Nicholson. Capt. Hoare. Capt. Seeley. Capt. Balfour (adjutant). Capt. Rice. Lieut. Heseltine.



Capt. A. Nicholson. Major Barclay. Col. Porter. Col. Wood. Major Le Roy Lewis. Rev. A. W. Milroy. Surgeon-Capt. Dill.
Lieut. Lord Ashburton. Lieut. Greenwell.

GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE HAMPSHIRE CARABINIERS.

Capt. Watson. Major Hulse. Lieut. Nicholson. Lieut. Knight.



Major Lainson. Col. Moore Lane. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. Lieut.-Col. Clayton. Major Gordon.

GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE HAMPSHIRE ARTILLERY (DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S OWN).
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HUGHES AND MULLINS, RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

WAR AND THE WOUNDED.

The lot of the wounded in warfare—even in modern warfare such as is being waged so strenuously in South Africa at the present moment—cannot be anything but a hard one. It has been wisely ordained that the chief work of the Medical Staff in war-time shall, if possible, not be carried on within rifle-range of the enemy. Their lives are much too valuable to be lightly lost, for a single doctor on the casualty-list is a much more serious matter than half-a-dozen wounded fighting-men. Nevertheless, no soldiers do their work better than do both the officers and men of the Royal Army Medical Corps when on active service. This is abundantly borne out by the large proportion of them who have already fallen in the discharge of their duty. Serving under the “Red Cross” though they do, the protection thus afforded them is decidedly more theoretical than practical.

Broadly speaking, the arrangements at present in force for attending to the medical requirements of an army in the field are—in our Service—as follows: To every military unit engaged is appointed one officer of the Royal Army Medical Corps, while to every three regiments of

ointment, and enveloped in a piece of oiled silk, the outfit being completed by a couple of bandages.

After rendering this rough-and-ready description of “first aid,” the wounded man is placed on the stretcher and conveyed to a “collecting-station” somewhere in the rear. Here a small detachment of the Medical Staff will be employed in hastily examining those thus brought to them, and arranging for their conveyance in an ambulance-waggon to a “dressing-station.” In this place (which should be established at a distance of about one mile from the “collecting-station”) a more detailed and leisurely examination is carried out. As a general rule, a covered building, such as a hut or farmhouse, is utilised for this purpose; if this, however, be not readily obtainable, a marquee can always be erected. At any rate, cover of some sort is provided, where wounds may be re-dressed and necessary operations performed before the sufferer be transferred, for further treatment, to the nearest “field hospital.”

If his recovery be not effected here (and provided, of course, that his wound do not previously have a fatal result), the patient is presently removed to the large general hospital that is always established at the



WAR AND THE WOUNDED: SOLDIERS PRACTISING STRETCHER-DRILL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

cavalry, or four battalions of infantry, are attached three more medical officers and fifty-seven N.C.O.'s and men of the R.A.M.C. This body is technically known as a “bearer company,” and with it (as a portion of its equipment) are ten ambulance-waggon, a water-cart, and a medicine-waggon. With each Brigade is a “field hospital,” containing not less than one hundred beds. Its personnel consists of six officers and thirty-four N.C.O.'s and men.

In addition to the regimental surgeon already mentioned, every unit contains in its ranks a number of men carefully trained in the duties of stretcher-bearers. In the cavalry the proportion of such is four per squadron, while in the infantry it is sixteen per battalion. When the unit is in action, this party is under the medical officer's orders and accompanies him on the ground. It is then further reinforced by a corporal (specially selected for his knowledge in rendering “first aid”), and a private, who leads a mule carrying a small quantity of medical stores.

As the action proceeds, the stretcher-bearers follow the fighting-line, keeping a sharp look-out for the occurrence of a casualty. Immediately a man is seen to be hurt, the stretcher-bearers nearest him come to his assistance. The first thing that they generally attend to is to make use of the “field-dressing,” which every soldier on active service carries in his pocket. This consists of two pieces of antiseptic lint, covered with

advanced dépôt of the column to which he belongs. In Lord Methuen's Force on the Western Border this “advanced-dépôt hospital” is at Orange River Station. To this place wounded soldiers are continually being brought down, in comfortably fitted-up ambulance-trains, for nursing and medical treatment. Here they usually remain until sufficiently recovered to either return to “the front” or be removed to the Wynberg Hospital, near Cape Town. After their admittance here, no further medical treatment can be rendered to soldiers in South Africa, for those who are not restored to at least convalescence are sent, as opportunity affords, in a hospital-ship to England. Thanks, however, to the splendid skill and untiring devotion of the surgical staff of this place, the large majority of the patients make a speedy recovery, and are consequently enabled to rejoin their regiments.

In the case of the Natal Field Force, under General Buller, the “advanced-dépôt hospital” is at Maritzburg. From here the wounded are, when considered necessary, sent to Durban, and there embarked on the specially fitted hospital-ship that has been for some time stationed at this port. In many instances, the benefit of the sea-breezes and abundance of pure, fresh air which the patients thus receive has resulted in their restoration to health in a wonderfully short time. This, however, is not always the case, as is evidenced by the detachment of wounded landed at Southampton from the *Kildonan Castle* a week or two ago.

Lieut. Walker. Lieut. Gordon. Lieut. Hon. Bruce. Lieut. Campbell. Lieut. Hazlerigg. Lieut. Orr-Ewing. Capt. Hall. Lieut. Houldsworth. Lieut. R. H. Stewart.



Lieut. Duncan. Lieut. Hon. Cochrane. Lieut.-Col. Campbell. Col. Dick. Major Deane. Capt. Cuninghame.
Lieut. Hon. Montgomery. Lieut. Cunningham. Lieut. F. R. Stewart.

COLONEL DICK AND OFFICERS OF THE 4TH (MILITIA) BATTALION OF THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.



THE SOUTH WALES BORDERERS FOR "THE FRONT": FIRING-EXERCISE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

LIFE AT FRERE CAMP

While life in a military camp may not be quite a whirl of excitement, it is never permitted to stagnate. At any rate, it certainly did not do so at Frere Camp prior to Sir Redvers Buller's advance. Work principally took the shape of active employment in road-making, railway constructing, well-sinking, &c., and all the thousand-and-one operations that characterise camp-life in the theatre of war.

Frere Camp, where a large number of our troops have been quartered for several weeks, under various commanders, is called after a railway station of the same name. It is about six miles to the south of Chieveley, where another considerable force was also encamped. From the summits of some of the surrounding "kopjes" can be seen an immense tract of

kits arranged in orderly piles in front of them, where they remained throughout the day. Then, while the cooks were preparing breakfast, the remainder of the troops (who were not otherwise employed) turned out to clean up the camp. After breakfast, the guards and pickets were mounted, and those which had been on duty for the last twenty-four hours were relieved. The rest of the morning was then devoted to drill, for Sir Charles Warren firmly believes in the virtues of constant exercise.

After dinner at mid-day, however, a period of leisure generally ensued, and a portion of this, when possible, was given up to bathing on the banks of the Blauwkrans Spruit. This is an extremely popular pastime, for the morning's exposure to the fierce South African sun makes a plunge into cold water a most enjoyable experience. In the evening increased precautions for the safety of the camp were observed by



A LUXURY ON SERVICE: A PINT OF BEER FOR "TOMMY."



BATHING AND CLOTHES-WASHING IN A DRIFT.



AFTERNOON TEA ON A HOT DAY.



PART OF THE QUEEN'S ROYAL WEST SURREY CAMP AT FRERE.

From Photographs by Captain H. Pilleau, 2nd Battalion Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment.

territory. On several of these positions, consequently, signalling-stations were established by the garrison, who were thus enabled to maintain communication with Sir George White at Ladysmith. During the day this was carried on chiefly by means of the heliograph. At night, however, an extremely powerful search-light was made use of instead.

Every day for the last month or so Frere Camp grew in size, for a constant succession of trains from Durban or Maritzburg arrived, bringing with them a stream of men and stores. The tents of the troops were, whenever possible, pitched in the large hollows behind the hills. Despite this precaution, however, the enemy more than once contrived to send a shell into their midst.

The daily round of camp life at Frere was, as a general rule, very much as follows. Soon after daybreak the shrill, piercing notes of the bugle summoned the troops to rise. As lying on the ground, with nothing save a great-coat and section of waterproof sheeting for bedding, was not conducive to undue sleepiness, the men were not slow in obeying the summons. The tents were then thoroughly cleaned out, and the arms and

means of mounting, at dusk, additional pickets in the vicinity of the various approaches.

As for the remainder of the troops, there being now nothing to employ them, they usually, as soon as supper was over, gathered round a huge camp-fire, where an impromptu smoking-concert was organised every evening. Indeed, the nightly "smoker" was quite a feature of camp life at Frere, and was attended by the whole garrison—from the General down to the junior drummer-boy. On Christmas Day a special entertainment of this nature was organised, and as this—thanks to the generosity of the Public at home—had been preceded by an excellent dinner, the day was celebrated most appropriately.

Lieutenant Digby Jones, of the Royal Engineers, who was killed at Ladysmith on Jan. 6, was only twenty-three. He was "mentioned" in one of Sir Redvers Buller's despatches as having distinguished himself in the Gun Hill affair of Dec. 8.

IN CAMP WITH GENERAL BULLER AT FRERE.

From Snapshots by Captain H. Pilleau, 2nd Battalion Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment.



PART OF THE WRECKED ARMoured TRAIN, LEFT ON THE RAILS, USED BY THE BORDER REGIMENT AS A GROCERY BAR.



FRERE BRIDGE, BLOWN UP BY THE BOERS, SHOWING WOODEN BRIDGE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.



THE DAY'S RATIOnS BEING UNLOADED AT THE COOKHOUSE OF THE QUEEN'S ROYAL WEST SURREY REGIMENT.



MULES "OFF DUTY." THUS TIED TOGETHER, THEY WANDER ABOUT GRAZING, BUT NEVER STRAY FAR FROM CAMP.



MAXIM-GUN OF THE QUEEN'S ROYAL WEST SURREY REGIMENT.



A SECTION OF "D" COMPANY INTRENCHING.



CAPTAIN C. H. VILLIERS, OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS,
ONE OF THE CHIEF ORGANISERS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN LIGHT HORSE, NOW FIGHTING GALLANTLY AT "THE FRONT,"
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL AND CO., LTD., PICCADILLY.



A C.I.V. "SKETCH" TRIO: "GOOD LUCK TO 'EM!"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Mrs. Lionel Phillips' "South African Recollections" has gone into a fourth edition. I was told at Mudie's last week that this is one of the most popular books of the moment, and that there has been no falling off in the demand since its publication in October. The most difficult novel to obtain at Mudie's this winter has been Miss Cholmondeley's "Red Pottage." Before Christmas every copy in the library was engaged several times over.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been reading with the greatest interest the recently published Life of Commander Henry James, the "Father of the Navy," who fought under Hardy. Mr. Kipling has now quite recovered from his attack of influenza, and is constantly to be seen travelling in his motor-car on the hilly road between Rottingdean and Brighton. His house at Rottingdean has become quite a place of pilgrimage for visitors.

The *Outlook's* "First Glance at New Books" sometimes contains rather amusing summaries. "Lao-Ti, the Celestial" (Hutchinson), is "quite human and convincing, although both hero and heroine are Chinese." "Parson Kelly" (Longmans) "is well written, and the style and manners of 1715 or thereabouts are reproduced with more than common knowledge." *Cela va sans dire*, surely, when the authors are Mr. A. E. W. Mason and Mr. Andrew Lang.

Mr. A. C. Gould, son of Mr. Frank Gould, whose signature in the enlarged *Punch* has attracted so much interest, has inherited his father's gifts as a caricaturist. Several years ago, he contributed to the *Woman at Home* an interesting series of caricatures of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour. With the latter he was especially successful.

The "Life of Kate Field," by Lilian Whiting, published the other day by Messrs. Sampson Low, contains many glimpses of American celebrities. One of Kate Field's dearest friends was Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, with whom she constantly took counsel on her literary projects. It was Miss Gilder who advised her to call her paper *Kate Field's Weekly*. "You must use your own name," she said; "it is your trade-mark." The title was afterwards changed to *Kate Field's Washington*. There are many reminiscences of the Brownings, Landor, George Eliot, and other English authors whom Miss Field met in Italy.

Some curious letters from Wilkie Collins, written about the year 1880, from his London house, 90, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, are included in the volume. Like Mr. Crockett, Wilkie Collins found that letter-writing took the edge off his literary style. "I am so weary after finishing my story," he says, "that a sinking of the soul (and body) comes over me at the sight of a pen. As to writing letters while I am at work, 'that way madness lies.' Is there any fatigue in this weary world which is equal to the fatigue that comes of daily working of the brains for hours together? George Sand thought all other fatigues unimportant by comparison, and I agree with George S."

Miss Field found the expense of living in London very high. "Her physician, Sir Morell Mackenzie, charged a guinea a visit." Sir Morell's fee was, no doubt, the regular two guineas of the West-End consultant, and in remitting half the amount he behaved generously. I should be surprised to learn that the leading physicians of New York charge less than two guineas. Sir Morell Mackenzie treated Miss Field as a friend and introduced her to his wife. "'What a pretty hat you have on!'" he exclaimed one day. "I've tried to describe it to my wife. It's the prettiest hat I've seen this Season." Of course, this led to my saying that I'd be happy to show it to Mrs. Mackenzie. He rushed upstairs, dragged her down, and it ended in the wife's begging me to call on her reception day."

The clergy will not thank the *Spectator* for objecting to the provision of homiletic helps. "Let preachers find them (illustrations) for themselves, and not prepare themselves for the pulpit as a diner-out furbishes up his jokes from memoirs and other books of this kind." This is all very well, but the constant multiplication of clerical duties, especially in towns, makes such volumes as Mr. Tenbury's "Pulpit Points from Latest Literature" (Hodder and Stoughton) simply invaluable to overworked preachers, who have little time for reading. The *Spectator* takes back its own criticism by quoting Hesiod's saying, "Best of all is he who himself discerns all things, and next to him the man who learns from others."

The American papers contain tributes to the late Mr. Daniel S. Ford, for forty years proprietor and editor-in-chief of the *Youth's Companion*. Few editors have had so high an ideal of journalism. He was personally one of the most modest and retiring of men. Nathaniel Willis was the original founder both of the *Youth's Companion* and the *Boston Recorder*. The latter journal is now the *Boston Congregationalist*.

It is rather odd to find that the *Athenæum* does not know that the author of "David Harum" died before his book was published. In the column headed "American Fiction," I read the other day with some surprise: "Mr. Westcott has the makings of a good novelist. . . . In the art of narration he has a good deal to learn. . . . It requires a patient reader to find out the good parts of his work, and he should bear in mind that there are not too many patient readers." o. o.

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL.

At the present time, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are making an extensive tour of the United States, for they opened in October last at Philadelphia, and do not bring their list of engagements to a close until the early part of April, when they are due to appear at the Opera House, Harlem. The tempting bait that they are dangling before the American playgoer is "The Elder Miss Blossom" (by Ernest Hendrie and Metcalfe Wood), which, it will be remembered, enjoyed a successful run during their entire season at the St. James's Theatre in the autumn of 1898.

To say that the American playgoer has swallowed "The Elder Miss Blossom" whole is perhaps a mild way of expressing the manner in which Cousin Jonathan has shown his appreciation of Mrs. Kendal's "Auntie" and Mr. Kendal's "anthropologist," for, though Mrs. Kendal is, as usual, carrying her audiences fairly off their feet, Mr. Kendal is himself sharing the success in no small degree.

By the way, speaking of Mr. Kendal, it may not, perhaps, be generally known that, besides being an exceedingly good actor, he is also an exceedingly clever artist, and devoted a considerable time, during the earlier part of his career upon the stage, to scene-painting. And to-day he is ever ready to make an amusing caricature of all and any of his acquaintances and friends. His talent for sketching and his technical knowledge of colour are, of course, of immense advantage to him in his profession, for he can readily jot down his idea for any particular make-up, or in a very few minutes give the exact tone he needs for any new scene that he may be ordering.

This love of painting has not only been useful to Mr. Kendal himself, but, I dare lay odds, has been exceedingly useful to some of his brother artists, for he is particularly fond of picture-buying, and has often bought the early work of men who have soon afterwards risen to fame. His house in Portland Place is a regular picture-gallery, and contains excellent examples of many of the leading artists of our time. They must have cost him a very long way into five figures, and at the present moment are, no doubt, worth a good deal more than he originally gave for them. One of the latest additions to his collection is a very striking work by Mr. Byam Shaw. On the walls of his house at Fife he has an overflow gallery, so to speak. Here he lives for about six or eight weeks every summer. Besides being an artist and an art-critic, Mr. Kendal is also a very keen sportsman, and, for the sake of fishing and shooting, always spends a considerable portion of his holiday in Scotland. He is rarely to be seen without a cigar in his mouth, and is quite at home in the saddle, no matter whether the saddle be across a horse or screwed to the backbone of a safety bicycle.

It is probable that, to a stranger, the most striking characteristic of Mrs. Kendal is her intensely keen appreciation of humour. This characteristic may possibly stand out more prominently owing to the fact that a keen sense of humour is not quite so prevalent amongst women as amongst men. However, be that as it may. To see infinite humour in the commonplace things of life is not to Mrs. Kendal a habit acquired after much patient labour, but a natural gift: consequently, her fun is fresh, for she finds it in most unexpected corners, and is as ready to laugh with you as at you. Another of Mrs. Kendal's strong characteristics is her capacity for "throwing off" the theatre when she is away from it. Do not let this be misconstrued; she is as sincerely devoted to her profession as any actor or actress who ever faced the footlights. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Kendal made her first bow before the public at the very early age of two years and a few months, and has been bowing perpetually and extremely successfully ever since. What I mean to point out is that Mrs. Kendal does not carry the theatre on her back when she is out of it, and it would be quite possible for a stranger, who did not know to whom he was talking, to enjoy her society for a whole afternoon without discovering that she had ever stepped foot inside a theatre.

Mrs. Kendal is, amongst other things, addicted to a little amateur gardening, and when she is at her Yorkshire home takes a keen interest in the cultivation of cabbages, cauliflowers, roses, &c. It so happened that, whilst staying down there one year, she had taken especial interest in the growing of some tomato-plants in her greenhouse, but, from some cause or another, the plants did not progress as fast as they might have done. Mrs. Kendal's family, noticing her disappointment at the dilatory behaviour of her tomatoes, thought that they would step in where Nature seemed likely to fail. Consequently, they bought some nice ripe tomatoes and carefully tied them on to Mrs. Kendal's plants, so that, when she came down on her birthday morning, she discovered that the plants had realised with pleasure the auspicious day, and had presented her with a lovely crop of fruit. Mrs. Kendal is, by the way, an excellent needlewoman and a great reader; her favourite authors are Thackeray, Mrs. Browning, and Byron. A day never passes in which Mrs. Kendal does not read some poetry: in fact, after a long and tiring rehearsal, she says that a dose of poetry is the best narcotic for highly strung nerves. At one time, like many other people, she had the strongest aversion to the bicycle, but some time ago became a convert, and, as is often the case with converts, has become a regular enthusiast of the wheel.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



DR. ANDREW QUICK, F.R.S.

DOROTHY BLOSSOM.

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL IN THE DELIGHTFUL COMEDY, "THE ELDER MISS BLOSSOM,"

BY MESSRS. ERNEST HENDRIE AND METCALFE WOOD, AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, NEW YORK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

ODE TO "THE SKETCH"

ON THE BEGINNING OF ITS TWENTY-NINTH VOLUME.

BY A REALLY CONSTANT READER.

DEAR *Sketch*,—I note that you have got
 To volume twenty-nine,
 And, since your here-on-earthly lot
 Has much effect on mine,
 Pray grant me just a corner small
 That I may briefly say
 To you who help and cheer us all—
 "Many happy returns of the day!"

Since first your features saw the light
 I've loved to watch you grow,
 Till now your volumes, big and bright
 Form an imposing row.
 The flutt'ring pages bring to view
 A host of damsels gay
 Who'll join, I know, in wishing you—
 "Many happy returns of the day!"

Soul's unction you have had of late
 And flattery sincere,
 For some have tried to imitate
 The *Sketch* we hold so dear:
 Be not puffed up, my friend, but go
 Your own sweet, dainty way,
 Cheered by the wish your readers owe—
 "Many happy returns of the day!"

THE STRANGE CASE OF JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

The art of interviewing, which probably began when the first traveller cross-examined the first aborigine and wrote a book of travels, was introduced into journalism by American enterprise. It came into existence about the time when wooden nutmegs were an article of commerce, and the term "*bond-fide* nutmegs" appeared in the bloated tariff of free-trade England. That tariff has been reduced from something like five hundred articles to about a dozen, and wooden nutmegs have disappeared even in the smartest trading districts of America.

A skilful interviewer may draw out a subject, and suggest facts that have long been dormant, if they ever had any existence. Still, a subject of ordinary intelligence

MUST KNOW MORE ABOUT HIMSELF

than any interviewer can lead him to disclose in an hour or more, and whether he suggests what is not quite false or suppresses what is not quite true, he can put it better in his own words than any interviewer can in most cases put it for him.

With regard to the subject of this interview, I am in a peculiar position. I have known him intimately for rather more than two years and four months. On Sept. 9, 1897, he arrived at the age of three-score-years-and-ten—the allotted age of humanity—and appointed me his successor. This makes me scarcely two years and a-half old, which many people may think rather young to begin the trade or profession of interviewing. I think so myself, but, having inherited the spirit and determination of my predecessor, I do the work that I have to do, "according to my lights."

MY PREDECESSOR CAME IN

with railways, which may partially account for the diseased activity—the activity of the parched pea in the frying-pan—which he displayed at various points in his career. His early studies were rather erratic, and were principally devoted to the London streets. He was a Londoner—a Cockney, in fact—born and bred, and he thought it was a duty to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with the city of his birth. This was done at nearly all hours of the day and night.

BORN AT HOXTON.

and christened at Shoreditch Church, he was an occasional associate of the "Children of the Jago." Old Nicholl Street had no terrors for him; he knew the "rookeries" where Burke and Hare murdered the Italian boy, and gave a new word to the English language; he visited illegal theatres, where the crime of performing Shakspeare without a licence was committed; was saved from being imprisoned with about ninety other people on one occasion by his extreme youth and a very broad and clean Eton collar (for Hoxton); he had a

NODDING ACQUAINTANCE WITH MANY MEMBERS OF THE PRIZE-RING, particularly the "light-weights," who filled up their overtime by promoting dog-fighting, rat-killing matches, badger-drawing, and other delights of the 'thirties; he was admitted into "good, dry skittle-grounds," meant for his elders; he was friendly with skittle-sharps and tossing piemen (now an extinct race); he picked up games of skill with precocious ability; he became an amateur juggler, and could run on a tub or cask with the nimbleness shown a few years afterwards by Ethardo on the rolling globe; he sought amusement, and found it in travelling and persecuted roadside shows and half-licensed "Saloon theatres," where geniuses like Frederic Robson were suckled and nursed; he sought literature, so-called, and found it at the shop of the

PEOPLE'S CATERER, THE LATE EDWARD LLOYD,

where the *Penny Sunday Times* and *People's Police Gazette* struggled to make headway against the *Weekly Dispatch*, with its W. J. Fox polemics, and its Eliza Cook poetry, and where my predecessor's first literary effort—a description of the Saturday-night open-air marketing in Shoreditch, appeared in the funny pages of *Lloyd's Entertaining Journal*. These were the bad old times of the paper duties.

MY PREDECESSOR'S STRUGGLE WITH SCHOLASTIC EDUCATION

was very brief, and mostly confined to what was called the Pestalozzian system, administered by a military professor called Beniowski, who had his own patent system of Mnemonics, or Artificial Memory. My predecessor's equipment for life was a good constitution and a memory that could absorb and retain anything and everything. The winning of degrees with such a memory would have been child's play.

HE PREFERRED QUILTS, SKITTLES, AND CRICKET.

Was he to be an acrobat or a skittle-sharp? That was the question. Destiny pointed to the City. Five shillings a-week was not a wage to run riot on, but a simple taste that could make a dinner on a penny saveloy and a penny loaf could do wonders, without writing egotistical records in the style of Benjamin Franklin. Long hours, bad gas, and no Saturday half-holiday had to be endured for the five shillings a-week.

Emancipation came at last. A bagman's career was suddenly offered to my predecessor, or if not "bagman," an opportunity of seeing the United Kingdom at other people's expense, by winding-up and collecting outstanding accounts of a house retiring from business. Age was wanted, and instinct had to take the place of experience. My predecessor gave "satisfaction to his employers"—as he always did. His country knowledge almost equalled his London knowledge. He was kept in literary grooves by his friend, Moy Thomas, and others, and by his connection with the Lambs and their friends.

CHANCE THREW HIM IN THE WAY OF EDMUND YATES

and his bright Bohemian contemporaries. My predecessor "devilled" for Edmund Yates, having had much less definite education but many times more reading. The necessity for a source of living presented itself. My predecessor faced it, and

WENT BOLDLY TO CHARLES DICKENS.

He succeeded, not in copying his master, but in a line of his own. He had something to say, and he knew how to say it in a plain, clear, straightforward manner. He had the blessed gift of humour. He was a descriptive writer as well as a writer of fiction. He was a champion "out-of-door young man." Descents in diving-bells, ascents in balloons walks in sewers, rides on locomotive engines, &c., *Household Words* always had one, sometimes two—and once three—articles a-week.

THACKERAY

must have the author of "The City of Unlimited Paper" on his *Cornhill* staff, and the broad-minded Dr. Norman McLeod, looking beyond the Scotch kirk, thought pictures from life drawn by a competent hand—"one of the regular cabs on the stand," as Thackeray put it—"could not injure *Good Words*."

The restless activity began to assert itself. He turned his attention to Public Amusements—theatres, music-halls, &c. He had already dabbled in the drama and theatrical criticism. He became stage-director of the Alhambra, and helped to organise it and start it on its present lines. This he did for three years.

THE GAIETY THEATRE WAS BUILT.

He took it, and gave it a distinctive character. He produced about six hundred pieces in eighteen years, about five per cent. of the whole—but a very important five per cent.—being burlesques. He brought out Mrs. Keeley from her retirement at an advanced age, and she would have played Jack Sheppard but for family influences.

CHARLES MATHEWS MADE THE FIRST AND ONLY TEN THOUSAND POUNDS HE EVER MADE

in a London theatre at the Gaiety. Samuel Phelps found a playhouse the exact size and form to suit his incisive comedy-acting and a worthy honorarium at the Gaiety. Sarah Bernhardt first and Coquelin afterwards both learned their commercial value when they came with the *Comédie Française* to the Gaiety. Ibsen had his first chance at the Gaiety. It lured Santley back to English Opera, with the result that Hérold's "Zampa" was produced for the first time in England. Miscellaneous and trial matinées were first invented, the electric-light was first brought to England and exhibited, and the

ABOLITION OF FEES WAS FIRST REALLY EFFECTED AT THE GAIETY.

This theatre is now condemned to death for the new street, which has been in contemplation for fifty years, and in which the new Gaiety may, it is to be hoped, long flourish. The founder of the original Gaiety, my predecessor, is about to take his first and only Benefit before he writes over his doors, "Closed for Repairs and Re-decoration."

[None of my readers who can get seats should miss Mr. John Hollingshead's Benefit at the Empire on the afternoon of Tuesday, Jan. 30. All sorts of unexpected "turns" and pleasant surprises are in store for those who assemble on that occasion to do honour to this famous manager and literary man, the blithe and cheery soul who held aloft the "Sacred Lamp of Burlesque" for so many years, and is a living testimony to the virility of *The Sketch* staff.]



JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD,

Who has graciously consented to interview himself for "The Sketch," and who richly deserves the Empire Benefit in store for him on Jan. '30.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LYD SAWYER, REGENT STREET, W.



DIANA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



MISS LYDIA FLOPP.

NOW GRACING THE PANTOMIME OF "SINBAD THE SAILOR," AT THE ALEXANDRA THEATRE, STOKE NEWINGTON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

"THE SKETCH" COMEDIES.

THE POLICY OF THE OSTRICH.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA, IN ONE ACT.

BY COSMO HAMILTON.

CHARACTERS: DR. JAMES WHICHELO, MRS. JAMES WHICHELO.

SCENE: A room done up in Japanese style, with fans, ugly little gods, and so forth. There is a door up stage, R., opening on to the street. "The Riki" is written on it in large letters. The back of the stage is supposed to represent two windows, over which the blinds are drawn. Between them, C., is a table of a somewhat solid character, over which dangles a speaking-tube. Round the room, little tables for two are dotted, with chairs. Almost in the middle of the room there is a larger one for four, laid, however, for one, in the most dainty fashion. On the table, as the curtain rises, MRS. JAMES WHICHELO is seated, speaking up the tube. She is dressed in the latest Japanese fashion, hair also, with a huge chrysanthemum over each ear, and one or two small fans.

MRS. W. (*speaking up the tube*). My dear Sybil, like every other unmarried woman, you talk the biggest nonsense about marriage I ever heard. I didn't start this tea-shop, without my husband's knowledge, because I was unhappy. I started it because I was a stupid, mad, idiotic little minx. The whole thing is ridiculous, and, if it leads to a judicial separation, it will serve me perfectly right. I didn't tell you before, because you've got such a horrid laugh, and I hate horrid laughs. But I took this beastly little shop because I had refused to go with Jimmy to Germany. I emphatically refused to be cooped up for two months with a hundred other doctors while they watched microbes through telescopes. Country, without a husband, is always lonely, but the country without even as much as a beardless boy to flirt with is simply impossible. But this tea-shop game has plunged me deep in debt, and how I am to break it to Jimmy I can't possibly think. Dear old Jimmy! I had settled on a most beautiful lie, a real whacker, but, of course, he comes back a week before I expected him, and upsets everything. So like dear little Jimmy! What—what? Is Jimmy the man who has been here to tea three days running, and who is flirting in the most reckless way with me? Oh yes, that's Jimmy all right! Providence has a nasty knack of paying one out for formulating whackers. I don't in the least mind Providence, but it makes one feel like a little volcano to stand by, and say nothing, while one's husband flirts with one behind one's back. He's coming again this evening, and I should not be in the least surprised if he brings me a present—the little scoundrel! What am I to do? I can't throw off my kimona and say, "How dare you flirt with a tea-shop girl!" He'd be so mad at being found out. And I daren't scuttle back to the country and leave this place to look after itself, because the rent is owing and I can't pay the baker's bill. So I shall have to go on burying my head in the sand till some good angel comes along to take me home. But it isn't all lavender, Sybil, darling, it isn't indeed! (*Listening.*) What—what—you know the way out? How—how? (*Puts ear to tube, and listens with a face changing from the greatest despair to the wildest excitement.* Then speaking up tube again.) Let him go on flirting with me till all is blue, and then throw off my kimona with a yell, and tower above him in virtuous wrath? . . . Oh, lovely! You're a genius, Sybil, and you shall have my old set of paste buttons. . . . My darling little Jimmy, what a fool you will look! [*Enter DR. JAMES WHICHELO.*

DR. W. (*taking off his hat and putting it, with his umbrella, in a corner*). How do you do?

MRS. W. (*very nervously*). How do you do, sir?

DR. W. (*coming forward with outstretched hand*). But for a suggestion of palpitation, my health is rude. How's the cold to-day?

MRS. W. Much better, thank you.

DR. W. No unpleasant tingling of the proboscis?

MRS. W. What's that?

DR. W. Latin for nose.

MRS. W. No.

DR. W. That's very pleasant! I have been giving a great deal of thought to—your—case to-day.

MRS. W. You're very kind! I wish all my customers would do the same.

DR. W. I don't! Because, when I say that I have been giving a great deal of thought to your—case, I mean that I have taken a great fancy to your—case.

MRS. W. (*hiding a sudden look of anger*). May I sit down?

DR. W. Oh, please! (*With his left hand he places a chair, still retaining her hand as she sits.*) No doubt, you get very tired of so much standing. It seems to me that that is the one drawback to these tea-shops.

MRS. W. One of the drawbacks; the rent and the baker are some of the others. But do let me get you some tea!

DR. W. Thanks very much!

MRS. W. (*rising*). Er—it will be necessary for me to do so with my right hand.

DR. W. I'm very glad! Left-handed people are usually so ill-tempered.

MRS. W. It is also necessary for me to cross to the other side of the room.

DR. W. Yes? This side? (*Moving her to L. across stage.*)

MRS. W. Will you give it to me now?

DR. W. (*beaming at her*). The tea-caddy?

MRS. W. (*severely*). No, my hand.

DR. W. (*letting it go suddenly, and crossing with a smile to table C., and sitting down*). I beg your pardon!

MRS. W. (*choking down a fit of laughter*). Do you like it strong?

DR. W. (*still smiling*). Do you know, I beg your pardon. Really, I had no idea—

MRS. W. Some men are like that. Strong, or plenty of milk?

DR. W. Both, thank you. But I sincerely beg your pardon! You see, having been so long abroad—

MRS. W. Foreigners are rather like that, I know. That's why I generally try to sit opposite to them in 'buses. Any sugar?

DR. W. Both, thank you—I mean, two lumps, thank you! But no milk, if you wouldn't mind, and may I have it rather weak?

MRS. W. Of course you may! In fact, I would rather you did. And will you have some tea-cakes? [*She brings his tea to the table.*

DR. W. I must apologise for coming so late. I'm afraid I'm keeping you. Thank you, I will have some tea-cakes. Did I say sugar?

MRS. W. Yes, two lumps.

DR. W. I'm so sorry. Do you know, I never take it.

MRS. W. (*with an affectionate smile*). You don't think I've made tea for you ever since we've been—ever since you— (*She breaks off, but recovers quickly.*) You've—you've been here three times running, you know; and I make a point of never forgetting how my customers like their tea.

DR. W. (*looking at her left hand*). What does your husband say to this?

MRS. W. (*laughing uncomfortably*). What would you say if you had a wife who kept a tea-shop?

DR. W. I should say rather a lot, with some ornamentation. Tea-shops are most excellent institutions when they are looked after by other people's wives; but when they are looked after by a woman who happens to be one's own wife, they ought to be put down by law. Of course, that's only my opinion. No doubt your husband holds quite another.

MRS. W. (*very crossly*). If my husband were to hold the most pronounced opinion in both his hands, it would have no more effect upon me than—than—

DR. W. The devil?

MRS. W. Certainly not! The dickens. Because, although you may not agree with me, my husband is a mean little pig, and I wish I'd never married him!

DR. W. I, too, wish you never had.

MRS. W. (*turning sharply upon him*). Oh, you do, do you? I mean, why do you?

DR. W. I am one of those old-fashioned people who thoroughly agree with the ancient economical theory of never casting pearls before—mean little pigs. You are the pearl. By the way (*he takes out a little packet and begins undoing it*), talking about pearls, how do you like this? (*He shows her a ring in a case.*)

MRS. W. (*delighted*). A present? I thought so!

DR. W. A little thing I bought in Germany. An excellent piece of workmanship, for all that.

MRS. W. (*delighted*). For me! You bought it for me?

DR. W. Yes—no—that is, more or less.

MRS. W. As a matter of fact, you bought it for your wife. Your poor little wife, whom you have left behind you in some horrid country place, counting the weary hours till your return! Your deluded little wife, who sits with her trusting little nose jammed against a cold window-pane, watching for the husband who gives away her pearls to an abominable tea-shop girl. (*In this speech she works herself up into a passion.*)

DR. W. As a matter of fact, I did, more or less. How did you guess?

MRS. W. By the only thing which husbands cannot take away from their wives, and give to other women—intuition! (*Sweetly.*) I gladly accept your present.

DR. W. Thank you—very much! Allow me to put it on your hand. (*With an expression of the utmost ferocity, she holds out her hand. He takes it, and looks at it for a moment.*) Ah! What an excellent piece of workmanship! The two go well together. (*He puts on ring and still holds hand.*)

MRS. W. (*holding out her hand, and looking at the ring*). It is a beautiful thing, quite beautiful. I'm so glad I've got it!

DR. W. (*purring*). So glad!

MRS. W. Some day, perhaps, I shall be able to show your wife how kind you were to me! What a joke it would be!

DR. W. (*very amused*). Wouldn't it, by Jove!

MRS. W. Does she know the little things you do behind her back?

DR. W. No—yes. More or less. Of course, this is quite exceptional. As a rule, I am a model.

MRS. W. Patented, I hope, so that no one can make imitations?

DR. W. (*gaily*). Yes—oh yes, and copyrighted in the United States of America! By the way, if it isn't an impertinent question, what kind of a man is your husband?

MRS. W. (*laughing*). What kind of a man would you take him to be?



WOMAN UP-TO-DATE.

DR. W. Oh! fat, big-footed, with a red beard, and a bald head shining with optimism—the kind of man who continually comes home late and causes all the stairs to creak disturbing solos (*Mrs. W. goes into a peal of merry laughter.*) Not like that?

Mrs. W. No, thank goodness! My husband is a slight, clean-shaven man, delightfully young and unstained, with a funny, quick, dry way of speaking, like toast when you cut it with a blunt knife. Quite a little duck, when he isn't a horrid little pig! In short, by the most extraordinary coincidence, he is not at all unlike you.

DR. W. By Jove, he must be a charming fellow! . . . May I have some more tea?

Mrs. W. (*in a most wifely tone*). Certainly not! You know I never allow you more than one cup (*with sudden remembrance*) till another one is ready.

DR. W. What a very extraordinary thing!

Mrs. W. What's a very extraordinary thing?

DR. W. Oh—why—you won't mind my saying so, but there is a most remarkable resemblance between you and a lady I—I used to know. Fleeting, illusive, unmistakable, and rather quaint.

Mrs. W. Not at all, if the lady you refer to, so carefully, is your wife. [*She crosses to back for more tea.*]

DR. W. By the way, how in the world did you know I was married?

Mrs. W. Oh, by the presence of Jaeger (*Dr. W. looks up his sleeve*) and a full complement of buttons. There is also about you that never-to-be-mistaken look of frightened joy which invariably sits upon married men when they are deceiving their wives.

DR. W. (*laughing chaffily*). I believe you saw a lady's hair on my coat-collars.

Mrs. W. (*with horror*). My goodness! If I could possibly have guessed what kind of a man you were, I would rather have stayed at home all my life than—let you come into my tea-shop. There's your tea.

DR. W. Thank you very much! Really, this is a heavenly place for tea! Really, I don't think I have ever met a more fascinating tea-maker.

Mrs. W. Oh!—(*Knocking a bun off the table violently.*)—Oh!—(*Her voice instantly changes into mild surprise as the bun rolls on the floor.*)—What a funny bun! It positively bunked!

DR. W. (*picking it up, and holding it lightly in his fingers*). What do you do with these things on an occasion of this kind?

Mrs. W. You promise not to split?

DR. W. Most solemnly!

Mrs. W. Put it back in the dish!

DR. W. Ah! I always felt sure that buns, like women, had pasts. By the way, talking of that, what kind of a woman would you say my wife is?

Mrs. W. (*enthusiastically*). A perfect darling! Very beautiful—not, of course, faultlessly so—with the sweetest little nose, thoroughly English as to bridge; gleaming teeth as regular as the regulars; deep, tender, loving eyes, which sometimes positively flash with indignation; hair which breaks upon her forehead in baby waves, and an expression which goes into as many editions as an evening paper.

DR. W. When I am at home my critical faculty is set fair. At other times, candour has full play. Although her walk is slightly ungainly—

Mrs. W. Ungainly!

DR. W. It is, at the same time, strictly fashionable.

Mrs. W. But her face—tell me about her face!

DR. W. She had no fortune.

Mrs. W. Well?

DR. W. I married her. Therefore, she had a face.

Mrs. W. (*sarcastically*). You don't say so! Will you favour me with details?

DR. W. (*ticking off on his fingers*). Eyes: when she wants anything, tender; when she has got it, dissatisfied; when she is tired of it, expressive. Colour: according to the tone of her toque. Nose: if she is riding, colloquial; if she is driving, condescending; if she is walking, supercilious. General outline: flexible. Mouth: in a dressing-jacket, stately; in a tea-gown, piquant; in evening-dress, antagonistic. Remarks: subject to alteration. When I left home her hair was brown.

Mrs. W. Do you mean to suggest that in the meantime she has dyed it?

DR. W. (*sententiously*). Have you never heard that when a woman is left alone for a month, she either visits the poor or dyes her hair?

Mrs. W. Good gracious! Is your opinion of your wife so minute that you cannot imagine her visiting the poor?

DR. W. I am sorry to say that in the pursuit of science my imagination has dwindled to a mere nothing. Then, too, our rector has a snub nose and seven children.

Mrs. W. (*bitterly*). If I didn't know you were a doctor I should have taken you for a novelist.

DR. W. Why?

Mrs. W. Because you try so hard to be funny at the expense of other people. If I were a man, married to a charming woman who had sacrificed herself to me, I shouldn't make nasty remarks about her behind her back. It's quite easy to see that you don't love her in the least. Poor little deluded thing!

DR. W. Why is it easy?

Mrs. W. Because, if you had the least scrap of love for her, you wouldn't be wasting your time in London flirting with a tea-shop girl.

DR. W. But I haven't begun to flirt yet.

Mrs. W. Really! Then what do you call this?

DR. W. The preliminary canter!

Mrs. W. Evidently you are a past-master in the art!

DR. W. Without unduly bragging, I think I may tell you that what I do not know on the subject isn't knowledge.

Mrs. W. And may I ask if you always begin by giving away expensive pearl-rings which ought rightly to be given to your wife?

DR. W. It all depends on circumstances, and the girl.

Mrs. W. (*stifling her rage*). You interest me greatly. Do give me a rough idea of what happens next!

DR. W. The ring given, I generally rise from my seat quietly (*he does so*), beam upon her like a full moon (*he beams*), and, as gracefully as possible, take a seat at her feet (*he does so*).

Mrs. W. (*keeping her rage under with an effort*). Go on!

DR. W. That successfully accomplished, I then raise my left hand (*he does so*), find hers, bring it over my shoulder (*he does so*), and pat it soothingly with my right. [*He does so, very tenderly.*]

Mrs. W. (*glaring at the back of his head*). Yes! Go on!

DR. W. Then, with their other hand, they generally begin to toy with my hair, while, with a smile in which there is at once a touch of content, a *soupeon* of politeness, and a dash of bad-boldness, I give forth upon the chief events of the moments—themselves, myself, ourselves, and the weather.

Mrs. W. (*steady her trembling voice*). Oh yes! Very, very nice! Indeed, almost connubial! But may I ask you one other thing?

DR. W. Ask me a billion things, dear lady, and I will then decide whether it will be wise for me to answer you.

Mrs. W. Please don't think that I am a martyr to cheap curiosity; but, if you will tell me whether you used to do this kind of thing *before* you were married also, I shall be more grateful to you than you can ever know.

DR. W. I will answer you with the whole truth—No!

Mrs. W. (*eagerly*). Never?

DR. W. (*emphatically*). Never!

Mrs. W. (*tearfully*). Then—then what made you begin to do it after you were married?

DR. W. (*rising slowly*). You have got upon a subject which I did not for a moment intend to discuss. But I will tell you the reason of it all, in the hope that you may never treat *your* husband in the way my wife treated me. (*He sits down, and leans solemnly across the table.*) I married—for love—a romantic and very unwise proceeding. My wife was everything to me. For her, I gave up golf without a shudder. She said it was a game for old women who swore. For her, I made a bonfire of a lifelong collection of pipes, and dallied with the gold-tipped cigarette. She preferred them gold-tipped. For her, I splashed my head with a hair-restorer three times a-day, and took to under-clothing which turned me into a generator of electricity. When she took away my 'Varsity caps from the pictures in my study and swaddled them up with Liberty art-fabrics—tinted—I merely burst out laughing. I turned hot water into my cold tub because she wished it. I bought dozens of the most uncomfortable chairs; dozens of the most expensive, the most ugly pots. I had my old slate roof removed and replaced with thatch. I crowded every corner of the hall with ancient suits of armour and old English oak from Birmingham. I always came down to breakfast in a frock-coat and patent boots. I sold my dear old sheep-dog and bought two little snarling rats with whiskers and blue ribbons. I gave up my practice because she did not like my seeing so much of other ladies—all, all because I married her for love! For two whole years I was her lady's-maid, her pin-cushion, her laughing-machine, her door-mat—because I loved her. And yet, when Germany did me the honour to invite me to a Conference on Microbes—a Conference lasting for two months only—she refused to go, and sent me there alone—I, whose only hobby, next to the microbe, was my love for her. (*Mrs. W., who has gradually shown signs of deep contrition, buries her head in her hands with a low moan.*) But that is not all. That would not have broken my heart. The worst is to come! (*Mrs. W. looks up with a great fright in her eyes.*) She wrote to me regularly from the country, and called me her dearest "Jimmy-wimmy," and signed herself "Your lovesome Kiddy-widdy"; from the country, mark you, and all the letters were stamped with the London post-mark!

Mrs. W. Ah! (*Hides her face in her hands.*)

[*Dr. W. rises and goes to the place where he has left his hat and stick. Mrs. W. starts up.*]

Mrs. W. Where are you going?

DR. W. To Scotland Yard, to place detectives upon her track.

Mrs. W. And what will you do till they find her?

DR. W. (*gaily*). Come here every afternoon with you.

Mrs. W. (*bursting into tears*). You—pi—pi—pig!

DR. W. (*gravely puts his hat and stick into the corner, and, with great solemnity, goes down to her*). Take those things out of your hair! (*She takes out the fans, and then pauses.*) All of them! (*Mrs. W. is crying meekly through this.*) Take off that kimona! (*Mrs. W. slips out of it.*) Now, will you let me have cold water only in my tub?

Mrs. W. (*tearfully*). I will.

DR. W. Will you let me kick out those blue-ribboned rats, and get another sheep-dog?

Mrs. W. Y—y—yes, Jimmy!

DR. W. Will you let me rejoin my golf club and buy another collection of pipes?

Mrs. W. I will.

DR. W. Will you let me pour away that hair-restorer, and, if Providence so wills it, go bald gracefully and in peace?

Mrs. W. (*with a great effort*). I—will!

DR. W. Then come to my arms, my little Kiddy-widdy!

CURTAIN.

AN ACTOR'S EXPERIENCES OF THE WAR.

Mr. Frederic B. Sharp, a member of Mr. Charles Arnold's "What Happened to Jones" Company, now touring in South Africa, has sent me the following interesting letter, in the course of which the actor relates his personal experiences of the Battle of Colenso—

It occurs to me that you and the readers of *The Sketch* generally may find interest in a letter from one of the Thespian combination who has been right through the war, from Johannesburg in July and September to Maritzburg and Colenso in December. I was enabled, by a combination of fortunate circumstances, to witness the fight at Colenso on Friday last, the 15th. I had to obtain passes at Maritzburg to get to Estcourt, and an additional permit to pass the picket lines. These were most kindly granted, though I was given to understand the circumstances were exceptional. I drove from Estcourt in the only trap in the place to a farm about eleven miles out. The road was a gradual rise all the way, and, after "outspanning" and I had climbed a hill of about two hundred feet, a good view of the battlefield was obtainable. I was about three and a-half miles from Frere, and four from Chieveley and Colenso. While with the glasses the Boer tents could be seen from the beginning to the end—I sat on the hill from 11 a.m. till 3 p.m.—no Boers were to be seen. One of the wounded "Dubs," who on my return to Estcourt I found being detained for the local hospital, said he never saw a Boer, nor could he and his comrades find where the bullets were coming

"GIDDY OSTEND."

The exact relation between a circus and a tent, or, to speak more magniloquently, between a hippodrome and a lake, is not perhaps as obvious as that of a man to his mother-in-law. But in "Giddy Ostend" Mr. H. Chance-Newton has contrived an amphibious burletta in which advantage is successfully taken of the idea that, if the audience should find the performers too much at home on the stage, they may have the malicious pleasure of finding them quite at sea in the tank. The main idea of the piece, which, as sub-title, is called "The Absent-Minded Millionaire," lies in the suggestion that Mr. Little Tich is a disgracefully rich inhabitant of Chicago, who, wearied of a domineering wife, has fled to Ostend, whither also has come Mr. Simpkins Spudkins, "prosperous potato-purveyor," with a bride whom he has had the misfortune to lose in the Douane. The most guileless playgoer will guess that the millionaire's wife will track him down to the famous seaside place of the people jeered at by Europe under the sarcastic term of *les braves Belges*. As a complication, one has the fact that Mr. Little Tich has a pretty daughter, courted by a "cashless Count," whose persecutions induce her to take to the tents

Mr. Thomas.

Mr. Lee.

Mr. Sharp.

Mr. Denton.

M. Bonamici.

Mr. Willoughby.

Mr. Leonard.

Mr. Charles Arnold.



Miss Mervyn.

Miss Magnus.

Miss Knights.

Madame Bonamici.
Miss Edna Arnold.

Miss Fredericks.

Miss Booth.

Miss Lee.

MR. CHARLES ARNOLD'S "WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES" COMPANY, NOW AT PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL.

from. What I thought then were the British guns across the Tugela I now find to have been Boer. That is the only inkling I got that there was more than one force engaged in the battle.

The effect of the Lyddite was extraordinary even from my three to four miles; it created—how I haven't the remotest idea—a column of dust resembling a water-spout. This column was about a hundred feet high. I couldn't make out what these phenomena were at the time, and their appearance was perplexing. The cannonading was something terrific, as you may imagine it must be from 6 a.m. till 3 p.m. The continued shelling of the Boer position absolutely altered the shape of the hills they were entrenched in. It was terrible. Another thing that puzzled me was the numerous grass-fires that were smouldering. This was explained to me as a "slim" trick of the Boers, enabling them to pick off the khaki dots with greater ease against the blackened veldt. Of course, there are numerous tales of "Tommy" and his "loot, loot." I had two from the men immediately concerned at Estcourt. Do you care to hear them?

As you probably know, "Tommy" is allowed to dispose of anything he may hold on the field, but must bring none into camp. "S.P.Q.R." must therefore be his motto. This was after the skirmishes in and around Estcourt. Said the man, "How much do you want for this?" "This" was a Mauser, all buckled and torn with a piece of shell. "Oh, you can have it for a drink." "I'll give you five shillings for it," from the man. "Blimey!" said the "Tommy," "I'll get you a—cannon for that!"

Tale Number Two. Usual formula.

Horse, saddle, and bridle for sale. "How much for that?" "Oh, you can have it for five bob!" "Look here" (confidentially), "I've only got half-a-crown." "Oh, well, take it along!"

This country only emphasises the fact of what a charming country England really is. I have no more of interest. Good-bye!

rather than yield to his suit. Dramatic effect is rarely sought in modern ballet, and no one expected that by such a licensed rover as Mr. Little Tich, who took the principal part, coherence of tale would be aimed at, so, of course, it matters little that there are moments when the dear old gentlemen who love to talk about the unities will have superb opportunities for eloquence. Whether it will be possible for anyone to produce an entertainment of high artistic value when using both stage and water, it is difficult to say; certainly the size of the tremendous new building and its disposition make successful speech so difficult that, however severe the loss of Mr. Newton's lively lyrics and bright dialogue, one cannot help feeling that the mimed ballet rather than the spoken sketch will be the future staple of the Hippodrome. It is needless to attempt to give an idea of the immense ingenuity and indefatigability of Mr. Little Tich, who caused roars of laughter by his grotesqueries when disguised as a croupier, and his fantastic dancing when he appeared as a French cavalry soldier with colossal boots. "Giddy Ostend" has the advantage not only of Mr. Newton's well-tryed skill as librettist, but also of Mr. Jacobi's lively, tuneful music, in which it was easy to trace the hand of the writer of nearly a hundred ballets. Of the rest of the entertainment at the Hippodrome, which, by-the-by, is doing colossal business and truly turning away money, it is needless to speak after last week's *Sketch* on the subject, but I cannot help adding a word in admiration of the charming, quaint effect caused by the flooding of the arena.

Small Reproduction of the Magnificent Photogravure of Caton Woodville's Picture, given away with the First Number of THE SPEAR (Published To-Day).



"ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THEM."

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE RE-FORMING AFTER THE BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 24, 5.33; Thursday, 5.34; Friday, 5.36; Saturday, 5.38; Sunday, 5.41; Monday, 5.41; Tuesday, 5.43.

Do bicycles get tired? That is a point that is now being discussed amongst wheelmen. We know that razors shave all the better for being given a rest, and no doubt, in some degree, the same thing applies to bicycles and to machinery. A man over whose works I was looking not long ago told me it did machinery good to sometimes stand still for a few days. But whether a bicycle gets sufficiently tired to make any perceptible difference to the rider is doubtful. The *Cyclist*, which devotes a good deal of its attention to the mechanical side of the pastime, gives a personal instance to prove that bicycles do get tired. After riding a bicycle for fifty miles, it began to go badly; but, on mounting another machine, riding was easier. The instance proves nothing, any more than if, after walking twenty miles in one pair of boots you begin to get tired, the putting on of another pair makes your feet easier and so demonstrates the first pair were tired! When a man thinks that a bicycle is riding hard and then gets on to another machine and finds it goes easy, the probability is that the second machine has a different reach, that the position of the saddle is slightly different, and so the strain is put on muscles other than those used in riding the first. I do not say, of course, that metals do not get tired; but what I argue is that bicycles do not get ridden enough for the tiredness to in any way affect the rider.

Some months ago, there was a good deal of talk about the proposal of two cyclists to wheel from one end of America to another—from Cape Horn, in the South, to Klondyke, in the North. There would have been a good many inconveniences in such a ride, but comparatively little danger. However, one has heard nothing of the project for some time, and, no doubt, it has fallen through. Tours of adventure awheel are excellent, and I am the last man on earth to say anything against them. Of course, there are often long stretches of country to be covered where cycling is next to impossible; but the cyclist adventurer should not be blamed for that, for it is easier to ride over a proper road than to drag one's machine over mountains. Three Australian cyclists are at present engaged in a really very plucky attempt to ride round their continent. Up to now, they appear to have had a rough time. Four hundred miles of the journey had to be done along railway-lines, and then they had to proceed by a track covered with grass seven feet high. In one part the district was so inhospitable that the trio nearly "pegged out." They were told that there was a good track from Anthony Lagoons to the Powell. They counted on doing the distance in two days. Seventeen hours' riding, however, carried them only forty-eight miles, and their food and water began to give out. Two of the men were absolutely weary, and so the third went on by himself, intending to send back supplies. The remaining couple had for two and a-half days to subsist on a couple of young parrots they had and some bad water. Afterwards, however, they had good rides. From Darwin onwards great was their trouble with their tyres. Ah! it is generally the tyres that make the wanderer far afield become prematurely grey-headed. Many a time in Russia and Persia I have felt like weeping when the confounded things gave out and I was four hundred miles from getting fresh ones. A tyre that does admirable service on an English road behaves very differently in another climate. That is why I hope the cyclists going to South Africa will have tyres specially adapted to the country.

It is stated in an American paper that a member of the British Automobile Club is having a Gipsy motor-van built, and means to start from Hong-Kong next month and proceed on it to Paris. I wish that member of the Automobile Club every success, but I doubt if he will have it. He will have to travel over Chinese roads, and those who know anything about Chinese roads will smile at the mere suggestion of a motor traversing them. The Chinese themselves have a saying that their roads are good for ten years, and bad for ten thousand, and unfortunately we have reached the second part of that period. Indeed, I might almost go so far as to say that the project is absolutely impossible. Besides, where is this member of the Automobile to get his paraffin?

The Touring Club de France estimate their receipts for the last year, apart from the reserve fund, to reach £25,000. Of this enormous sum, £6000 is to be devoted to the publication of the Club Review, £1000 to building a pavilion at the Paris Exhibition, and £5000 will be appropriated for road improvement. Already £1500 has been given towards the new Corniche Road from Cannes to San Raffe. The T.C.F., however, as the Tourist Editor of *Cycling* well-points out, is by no means a strictly cycling body, but exists for the sake of encouraging all kinds of touring and travelling, and in that case is obliged to spend large sums where development is needed of tourist traffic.

It has been suggested that a conference take place between the leading officials of the Cyclists' Touring Club and the National Cyclists' Union. These are more or less rival bodies and cover somewhat the same ground. It is proposed that they join their forces in attacking the railway question. Cyclists are not well treated by the railways, and, of course, while two clubs like the C.T.C. and the N.C.U. belittle one another's endeavours, not much can be expected from the companies. The N.C.U. might continue to devote its attention to the ruling of racing, which at present is anything but satisfactory, and it might be left to the C.T.C. to deal with hotel-charges and danger-boards.

The idea prevails that, while English ladies look with a feeling akin to horror upon those forward damsels who wear bifurcated garments, the Frenchwoman will wear no other. However, a plebiscite has been taken by the editor of a French magazine for girls, and all the letters he received denounced the "rational" reform dress and stuck up for the skirt. Still, the readers of that magazine cannot represent the opinion of French ladies generally. Those of us who have ridden in France must have noticed that the ladies who wear "bloomers" are three out of every four, whilst in England the "bloomers" are not worn by more than one out of five hundred. At one of the London suburban schools there has been quite a set made against one of the teachers because she persisted in riding to her duties in what is called the "rational" costume. Whilst teaching, she donned a skirt, and her argument was that however she dresses out of school hours has nothing to do with anybody but herself. Personally, I do not admire the "rational" dress, but I do admire the pluck of this woman. The ladies who shout out against "rational" costume are, no doubt, the same people who, a few years ago, were quite certain that a woman who was so unwomanly as to ride a bicycle was "a creature."

A couple of months back, I wrote in praise of winter riding, urging that it was really more enjoyable than in the heat of summer, when the roads were laden with dust. True, one's experience the last few weeks, when the roads have been slushy and greasy, have almost made me alter my mind; but I came back to my original opinion with a rush during the freezing weather. It was really splendid on those frosty mornings to get astride one's wheel and go riding through the crisp, brisk air. Our roads are really marvels of excellence. One fine day and a nip of frost placed them in a perfectly ideal state for cycling. The great thing is, of course, to keep warm. In winter it is better to have rubber pedals than those of the rat-trap order, for the steel strikes cold through shoes. To keep the fingers warm, it is a good thing to smear the inside of an old pair of gloves with vaseline. This dries, and, without being sticky, resists the cold air. As to headgear, I do not advise the ordinary peaked cap. The best thing is a Tam-o'-Shanter, but, as lots of folk do not care for these, the next best is a cloth wideawake. These do more than is generally supposed in keeping the air from chilling one's ears.

The other Sunday morning, when I took a spin down the Portsmouth road, the thing that struck me most was the rattling of the machines of so many riders. About two out of every three machines that were being ridden made a clatter. To some folk this would not matter, but, personally, I prefer my machine to run absolutely silent. A quiet machine always adds to the enjoyment of the ride. To avoid the possibility of clatter, I never have mud-guards or gear-case. I don't say they are not useful; I only say that I prefer, myself, to do without them. But people who like mud-guards and gear-cases ought to have them better fastened than is the case with the majority.

Le Vélo, the Parisian cycling paper, as a set-off to the statistics often published as to how much damage is done by cyclists, frequently publishes a list of accidents caused in France by horses. In a recent issue it stated that during the last year horses were responsible for the deaths of 628 people and for injury to 6566! Compared with these figures, the accidents due to bicycles are insignificant indeed. I have just heard of the case of an old man in the South-Eastern suburbs of London who makes quite a good living being run over by cyclists. He manages to get knocked over four or five times a-week by lady riders. Of course, he pretends to be severely injured, and the affrighted ladies readily part with a sovereign to appease him and to prevent action being taken. It is said that this gentleman has two little children, reputed to be his grandchildren, whom he has also trained to be knocked down by cyclists. The Charity Organisation Society have the man in their eye.

It would be admirable if the railway companies would provide proper vans for the conveyance of cycles. They might also adopt the plan now being followed in Germany. The German time-tables are now adorned with little figures of cycles, indicating the trains on which there is special accommodation for bicycles.

English prisoners at Pretoria are enjoying themselves as well as can be expected in their captivity. They seem to be allowed a fair amount of liberty by their Boer captors. Besides football on the racecourse, they have a couple of old bicycles, which they use by turns. Sports are arranged, and it is said that potato-races versus cyclists are very popular events.

It is generally known, I suppose, that before I took to writing this page in *The Sketch* I had done a little jaunt on my bicycle round the world. At odd intervals I lecture about that journey, and I often get letters from readers of *The Sketch* asking me to tell them where they might hear my yarn. Well, I am descending next Sunday, the 28th inst., by lecturing in the afternoon, at four o'clock, in St. George's Hall, Langham Place.

J. F. F.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor is always glad to consider interesting photographs, for which payment will be made at the usual rates. He would urge upon contributors the necessity of clearly indicating on the photographs themselves the subjects represented, with the name and address of the sender; it should also be stated whether the contributor wishes the photo to be returned. Whenever possible, full explanatory notes in manuscript should be sent, in addition to the details written on the photograph: "*The Sketch*," 198, Strand.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

A little betting has taken place on the Spring Handicaps, and some have backed Little Eva for the Lincoln Handicap and Drogheda for the Grand National with the Continental-list men. Little Eva is in Captain Bewicke's stable, and the Captain does not make many mistakes. He won the race last year with General Peace, who is again entered. This horse was put to hurdle practice last year, and he is at present being schooled at Findon by Mr. R. Gore. But it does not follow that he will not run at Lincoln if the weights suit. The Grand National should provoke plenty of speculation when the weights are published, but I cannot see how Manifesto can be well weighted out of it. The horse is said to have wintered well, and I shall be surprised if he is not once more the chosen of Collins's dangerous stable.

After the little Ascot affair in which Sloan was the principal character, Lord William Beresford was very anxious to "let sleeping dogs lie," but the public showed that they were not prepared to follow Lord William's lead, and I doubt if ever a racecourse contretemps has ever caused more criticism. Sloan had a very bad riding average both at Ascot and at the Epsom Summer Meeting, and, in my opinion, he was suffering from bad health at the time. Let us hope he will do much better at Ascot and at Epsom this year. When at his best, he is simply unbeatable, and he is likely to get some good horses to ride this season. But, unfortunately, Sloan has so many followers that it is impossible to get anything like a fair price about his mounts, and, no doubt, owners will take this little fact into consideration in deciding between Sloan and the best of the English jockeys to give mounts to. English owners cannot afford to run horses to enrich Yankee speculators.

It is a matter of some surprise to find that a big owner like Sir J. Blundell Maple has never been elected a member of the Jockey Club. Sir Blundell has spent thousands of pounds on his training and breeding establishments, and he has played the game pluckily for a number of years. He is a sound businessman, a good debater, and is a 'cute Parliamentary hand. Who is better qualified to look after the best interests of the Turf? New blood is what is wanted to make the Jockey Club really useful, and in Sir Blundell we have the very man we have been looking for. "The mills of the gods grind slowly," but we found in the case of the Southdown Club that Sir Blundell was welcomed as a member after having failed to obtain admission to the holy of holies more than once. Sooner or later, Sir Blundell must become a member of the Jockey Club, as the Club cannot well afford to allow such a useful Turfite to remain outside its portals.

Sporting journalists are in great demand just now, owing to the starting of so many new papers; but I need scarcely add that it is only experienced men who are required. Those who have had good practice in sub-editing are most sought after, and, in my opinion, all contributors to newspapers ought to be compelled to graduate as sub-editors. Then we should not get so much useful "copy" to commit to the waste-paper basket. Many Fleet Streeters now living well remember the time when a sporting journalist was looked upon as a very low person by his colleagues on the newspapers. But time has altered all this, and it is quite a common thing to find a sporting writer elected to the Presidency of the Press Club. Many Old Blues have dabbled in sporting journalism, but few of them have succeeded, for the simple reason—referred to before—that they had never had any experience as sub-editors, and, therefore, tried to get unsuitable stuff printed.

Accidents continue to come to steeplechase jockeys, and all the racing world knows that a broken leg or a smashed collar-bone means a big loss of income to a cross-country rider. I do think that champion reformer, Lord Rendlesham, could easily suggest a scheme to the members of the National Hunt Committee under which injured jockeys could obtain a certain fixed income during their absence from the saddle through accident. I am certain the jockeys themselves would do anything within reasonable limits to further the plan, and it would spare some of them the pauperising influences of having the hat passed round on their behalf. Horses are insured against accident; racecourses are insured against frost; then why not insure the jockey against accidents? To meet the self-help argument, I might suggest that the professional cross-country jockey is not a philosopher of the 12 st. 7 lb. class.

The announcement that the late Duke of Westminster's racehorses are to be sold comes somewhat in the shape of a surprise to those writers who contended that "Mr. Norman" would continue to run the horses.

It can be safely predicted that there will be plenty of bidding for the horses when they are offered for sale at Kingsclere on March 8, and, if the reserve on Flying Fox is not too high, he is almost certain to go to the bid of some good English sportsman like Sir Blundell Maple, although Sir Blundell did not make a bright bargain when he bought Common. Perhaps the correspondent to whom I referred in this page last week as having informed me that the present Duke of Westminster would not go in for racing was perfectly right. At the same time, we should like to see the Grosvenor colours continue on the Turf. I am afraid Lord Stalbridge could not well afford to keep racehorses, but Lord Arthur Grosvenor, a son of the late Duke, is very fond of the Sport of Kings, and he often acts as steward at race-meetings.

Sam Darling will have any number of good horses under his charge this year, and I hope he will capture some big prizes for Mr. Foxhall Keene, who is to play the game thoroughly. The Beckhampton training-grounds are some of the best in England, although the Manton gallops, hard by, are bigger. Twenty-five years ago I used to get some good coursing at Beckhampton and Avebury, where the well-known Coursing Judge,

Mr. N. K. Wentworth, lived. The late George Fordham was of the party, and he owned many useful greyhounds at that time. As a matter of fact, George preferred one day's coursing to six days' racing. Wells, Gallon, Tom Chaloner, and Fordham often rode in important trials on the Manton Downs, and at that time, when old Alec Taylor had a trial to bring off, he always put his servants under lock-and-key.

CAPTAIN COE.

The Hon. Claude Hay, who is going to South Africa with his Militia regiment, is a younger brother of the Earl of Kinnoull, and a member of one of the oldest of Scotch families. The present occupant of Dupplin Castle, in Perthshire, was formerly Colonel of Egyptian Gendarmerie, and served on the Staff of Baker Pasha in Egypt. His eldest brother, the late Lord Dupplin, married a sister of the Duke of Fife, and was the owner of Petrarch, the winner of the St. Leger. Another brother, the late Mr. Francis Hay, worked up from a sailor before the mast to the captaincy of one of the fine vessels of the British India Steam Navigation Company; while his second sister is the wife of Count Alexander Münster, son of the German Ambassador to France. Mr. Claude Hay, who has twice contested Hoxton as a Democratic Conservative, was formerly private secretary to the late Mr. E. Stanhope, M.P., Secretary of State for War.



COLONEL SPENS AND CAPTAIN SPROT (OF THE SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY), CHAMPION ARMY RACQUET PLAYERS, NOW ON SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Cribb, Southsea.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

It is quite astonishing to notice the number of women who have taken to knitting lately, since the needs of our gallant Tommies have been brought prominently before their benevolent instincts. Girls who have been hitherto well content to "exist beautifully," and who, like the lilies,



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THE LATEST COAT-AND-SKIRT AND A NEW HAT.

toiled not neither did they spin, have now with one accord plunged into the intricacies of heel-and-toe, helmet, and cholera-belt so wholeheartedly that one can scarcely ever enter a drawing-room without finding the once idle fingers busily employed over the cheerful click of knitting-needles, all occupied on the embryo of wearables going South. As a panacea for the nervous restlessness which in such times must be the portion of those of us who have friends near and dear amongst fighting Britons, nothing is more soothing than the obligation of work. So from all points this boudoir industry is to be recommended, as being of practical help to our gallant lads abroad, and of persuasive calming power on our overtried nerves at home.

The passion of fashion has swayed us of the United Kingdom but little this winter, and those energies which were wont to luxuriate in chiffons have had other interests forcibly thrust in front of late. Black has been, indeed, a too frequent necessity, and there are many others who fear to order themselves clothes of colour, in view of those dread lists published in Pall Mall, which may announce the loss of a cherished life from one hour to another. I suppose it is in view of this daily uncertainty that dinner-parties—almost the only form of social gaiety still indulged in—are so monotonously dressed. White velvet has quite lately sprung into sudden favour; it is said, indeed, the fashion has come from St. Petersburg, where the Empress Alix has worn it conspicuously often this winter. But, be that as it may, no material, when rendered in the best quality and toned down with lace, is more becoming. Dark women who are bound by all the exigencies to don even slight mourning, and

are hopelessly submerged by such sombre tones, will find all purposes answered to infinitely better purpose and more becoming cause by a steel- or even jet-embroidered white velvet, which, in itself, moreover, partakes much more of the characteristics of mourning than either white satin or white silk.

It has been often said of us as a nation that we take our pleasures sadly, but it never could have applied more thoroughly, if indeed at all, than at the present time. If the definition of pleasure is to be happy, to be free from anxiety, to tip the balance of events on the side of self-gratification, then, indeed, our occupation, like Hamlet's, is at least temporarily gone, for a time of mourning with the many must necessarily mean one of merriment to the few; but if, on the other hand, our pleasure lies in another direction than that of specific self-indulgence, in some kindly thought of others, in a timely stretching of the gloved hand to the horny, it is certain that such pleasures can never pall and become, as a great orator once said of pleasure-seeking as ordinarily understood, "a burdensome and laborious business."

Of the Riviera, which should be now swinging gaily to its accustomed season fulness and festivity, there is little to record, except that within the little Principality of Monaco is foregathered and contained all, or nearly all, the gaiety which in other seasons and with no deterrent circumstances would naturally spread itself over the other resorts along that fairyland coast-line of the peacock-hued Mediterranean. People are going "Monte"-wards in greater numbers since the cold winds have begun to make themselves felt here, and taking, moreover,



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THE FASHIONABLE COAT.

the usual repertoire of smart gowns which custom demands so exigently of those "who play in the rooms or repent in the gardens."

A travelling-cloak of putty-coloured cloth ordered by a friend going so far South promises well. A smart folded hood is made to simulate a yoke in its upper part, which is of dull-blue velvet. The cloak is bordered with narrow sable, and is a complete and very smart costume in itself. The old dolman-shaped sleeve, which seems destined for a

measure of spring-time popularity, is employed in this cloak. I am told by dressmakers who ought to know, and emphatically consider they do, that all the newest evening-cloaks will be made with these loosely hanging sleeves.

One of the smartest gowns yet ordered for Monte Carlo wear went South this week with its owner, and is a satin-faced white foulard, with a tiny pattern of mimosa in black painted all over its surface. The bodice and lower skirt are entirely of real lace, on which are sewn many folds of the foulard, edged with turquoise panne. An indescribably smart effect is obtained by the plentiful use of narrow white floss-silk fringe, which borders every possible edge and pleat of this *chic* creation.

A very smart and absolutely new carriage-mantle, made in Dover Street for the same wearer, is composed of a quite tight-fitting short black

pottage, I am reminded of a new liqueur, prepared by monks in the Convent of Notre Dame, near Cannes, which may at once be pronounced as a coming favourite. "Lerina," as it is called, seems to combine the qualities of Benedictine and old Cognac, while being free from the sweetness of these favourites that an English palate will always willingly dispense with. It is a distillation of extreme purity, moreover, and should speedily claim an appreciative English audience. I think they have already added it to their voluminous list at the Carlton, which, by the way, shows no falling off in the number of its nightly dinners and supper-parties, notwithstanding the long list of its patrons who are helping to make history in South Africa at the moment. Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh, Lord Charles Montagu, Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Falcener, Mr. Sidney Greville, Miss Marie Corelli, and Miss Van Wart were all dining there one evening last week, while Mr. and Mrs. Stuart-Wortley, who were staying in the hotel, were also amongst the diners.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ACADEMY.—I can only answer for ten years ago, when I was a student there, and no especial rules were laid down beyond the necessity of the dresses being white. Mine was white Liberty silk; others wore cashmere, alpaca, and serge variously. The dresses were more or less plain—that is to say, no elaborate trimmings of lace, &c.—made high and with long sleeves, and the usual scarlet ribbon sash, of course. But, as the rules may have changed since '89, I should suggest that you apply to the matron, or housekeeper, who is always to be found, and who will give you exact up-to-date particulars.

LAFFAN'S PLAIN.—I suppose you mean the Sterndale School for Girls, at Wallington. It was to that I alluded in answer to some Indian correspondents lately. Undoubtedly, your little girl would have every kindness and help in your absence abroad. I agree with you that the governess system at home is not always an unqualified success. From what I hear, Miss Raywood's school, which is only for the daughters of gentlepeople, moreover, should suit you exactly.

BERKELEY SQUARE.—I use this as you gave no *nom-de-guerre*. I understand there are headquarters in Oxford Street, somewhere near Peter Robinson's, where you can obtain the complete practical outfit you are in search of—nothing, of course, but the plainest, strongest, and neatest garments. There will be little thought of, or opportunity for, chiffons out there. I heard of a smart woman who went out last week accompanied by three dozen real lace blouses! She is a soldier's wife, too, and ought to have known better. The Kaffir laundress will, I fear, make short work of such unfamiliar quantities. Nothing would be more useful for your husband than the glass, and no less useful would be one of the chronograph-repeater and perpetual-calendar watches, with compass, &c., made by Wales and McCulloch, of 20, Ludgate Hill, and 56, Cheapside. The mechanism of their watches is faultless. Another speciality of theirs, the non-magnetic lever, would be a boon in many situations now, notably to such officers and men as encounter Captain Cayzer's adventures at "the front." Some of Wales and McCulloch's other commendable specialities are the silver oxidised watches at one guinea and thirty shillings, which are absolutely faithful timekeepers.

BOER'S DAUGHTER.—Sorry, but I do not think any London dressmaker would supply you now, even apart from the Royal Proclamation. SYBIL.

MRS. BELL'S NEW BOOK.*

Among books recently published, few are likely to be more attractive than this richly illustrated volume. Mrs. Bell—better known as "N. D'Anvers"—has shown not only a broad spirit of discrimination in the selection of the artists, but she has made choice, among their respective works, of such as are most characteristic. The list, which extends from J. M. W. Turner to Segantini, whose death took place a few weeks ago, includes fifty names, and embraces the art of both Europe and the United States, the latter being represented by Mr. Whistler and Mr. Thayer. The motives of selection are not always clear, unless it be that founders of special schools have been preferred to artists of personal eminence. No one will doubt that Turner, Crome, and Constable did more for English landscape-painting than any of their predecessors or contemporaries, and, in like manner, Millais, Leighton, and Fred Walker have left behind them disciples who are still working out their leaders' teaching. Holman Hunt, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones, although standing separate from the general body, are too intimately associated with the art of the present century not to deserve a place among the Immortals. French Art has gone through not less phases than our own since the days of Delaroche and Ingres. Of the Romanticists, as represented by Corot, Rousseau, and Daubigny, the naturalists or realists, like J. F. Millet, Breton, and Bastien Le Page, and the Impressionists, E. Manet, Monet, and Degas—of these and many others, Mrs. Bell gives typical specimens, and, moreover, assigns to each his place in the history of French Art. German Art is less strongly represented, for the simple reason that for a long time it was held in bondage by the influence of Overbeck; but with Makart the revolt began which Uhde has ably sustained by his versatile powers. The influence of Leys, of Antwerp, was perhaps more widely extended than that of many painters whose pictures are more widely known, and he well deserves the prominence accorded to him in this collection, whilst Israels and Mesdag represent Holland; Fortuny, Spain; and Segantini the borderland of Switzerland and Italy. Thus we have, under a most engaging form, a brief epitome of the history of painting during the present vanishing century. The method adopted by Mrs. Bell is capable of almost indefinite extension, and it is to be hoped that her present venture will lead to its being pushed further. Meanwhile, she may be congratulated upon having produced a volume which would be equally in its place in the library or on the drawing-room table.

* "Representative Painters of the Nineteenth Century." By Mrs. Arthur Bell. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. New York: E. P. Dutton.



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING TOILETTE.

velvet jacket, bordered with ermine. From the shoulders, under a shaped yoke of ermine, depends a pelerine, or three-quarter cape, not of black, but of shot grey and white velvet. This also is edged with the same fur. The whole effect, though smart, is undeniably *outré*, but is absolutely a *haute nouveauté*, and likely to be in vogue among the happy elect who can afford to experiment on the fancies of passing fashion without any uneasy qualms as to whether the object of their fleeting desire will either "wear well" or "last in"—a happy state of sartorial independence not bequeathed by Fortunatus to all.

Apropos of the Riviera, I cannot help sympathising with the mimosa, narcissus, Neapolitan violets, and other early blossoms which one sees in flower-sellers' baskets already at the street-corners. How these withering east winds must burn and scorch their poor petals, which opened in the warm yellow sunshine of another latitude! I see, by the way, several new sorts of sweet-pea have been introduced for next season's growth by Daniel Brothers, the celebrated nurserymen of Norwich. Their spring catalogue is a most comprehensive and brightly illustrated affair, well calculated to bewitch the amateur gardener. It contains many useful hints, beside an exhaustive list of seeds, vegetables, and plants, and should be, in fact, on the reference-shelves of every flower-lover who can control a square yard of Mother Earth in which to experimentalise. In this connection, and seeing what an important part herbs play in many matters besides that of flavouring our

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 7.

WEARY WAITING.

Still the markets do very little more than mark time pending decisive developments in Natal, for, while the newsboys yell "Victory of Lord Dundonald—Great defeat of the Boers!" we all know that what has happened is mere preliminary skirmishing which has brought the question of whether Ladysmith *can* be relieved or not within a measurable distance of being settled. The issue cannot hang in the balance much longer, but neither professional nor amateur operators care to do more than look on until they have some more definite news upon which to build.

Money is easier, and discounts, which, a few days ago, were up to nearly 6 per cent., are now freely taken at 3½, so that everything is favourable for a good rise and active markets if only the war would, from our point of view, go right. Patriotism is a splendid thing, but we hope our readers who have any regard for their pockets will not be carried away by it into commitments which are beyond their strength, for if—well, don't let us think about what will happen in case Buller is unable to break through.

Consols have had a good rise, not only upon cheaper money, but upon the now generally accepted idea that the necessary war funds will be provided by Exchequer Bonds, and not by a fresh and considerable issue of the leading stock.

HOME RAILWAY RESULTS.

So far as we have yet seen, the results of the last half-year's working of the great English Railways are about what was expected, or very little worse. On seventeen of the principal lines the total traffic increase amounts to the very large sum of over £1,880,000, and yet the holders of Ordinary stock appear very unlikely to fare better than before. The Great Eastern Company had a gross increase of £104,000 for the half-year, of which over £95,000 has been eaten up by the increase of expenses. The Brighton line, with a gross take of over £66,000 more than last year (and nearly all of it derived from passenger traffic), finds that the normal increase of expenses is £41,000, to say nothing of having to provide £25,000 for accidents and £15,000 for new trains, so that, despite the additions to the gross take, the shareholders are worse off than they were twelve months ago. Out of £18,000 gross increase, the Metropolitan finds over £13,000 is required to pay for earning it; and, in the case of the Great Central, the expenses of the London Extension have evidently consumed the whole £140,000 increase, and something over, for the dividend announcement is considerably behind that of this time last year. Twelve months ago, the South-Eastern paid 3 per cent. on its Deferred stock, but, if we may judge from the recent selling and the general Market estimate, the declaration, which is due before these lines are in our readers' hands, will be considerably short of the amount then paid, so that it is pretty safe to conclude the increase in gross take has been more than eaten up by the expansion of expenses in this case as well as in that of the declarations which have hitherto been made.

THE SULPHIDE QUESTION.

The question of the treatment of sulphide ores in Western Australia is of so much importance to the future of the gold industry that we offer no excuse for devoting some space to making the matter clear, or, perhaps we had better say, as clear as our limited knowledge permits.

In the lower levels of the majority of the mines at Hannan's and several other fields, the ores are found to be extremely complex, and to consist of various sulphide combinations of iron, arsenic, and other metals carrying gold. In cases where these ores are very rich, say, containing twenty or thirty ounces of gold to the ton, they will bear the expense of transport and smelting, and the difficulty of extraction is easily solved by admixture of the right fluxes, &c.; but when the ores, as in the majority of cases, run from one to three ounces of gold to the ton, some other less expensive method of treatment must be devised.

It has been found in practice that concentration is too wasteful, for if you reduce ten tons of two-ounce ore to one ton of concentrates, the resultant product will contain anything from seven to fourteen ounces of gold, and the balance will be lost; it is therefore necessary to treat this class of ore in bulk, and for this purpose various forms of crushing, roasting, and leeching have been devised. The common form of process employed is to crush the ore with rolls, to roast it in a powdered form, and then to treat it in cyanide vats; but while in theory this arrangement should solve the difficulty, in practice it has been found that when roasting the sulphide and telluride ores of Western Australia the gold seems to agglomerate or come together in lumps so coarse that the cyanide solution is unable to dissolve it within a reasonable time, and, as a result, it is found that you either have to work so slowly that you cannot treat a reasonable quantity of stuff, or you have to lose half the gold.

Probably the whole secret lies in the roasting, which, in the opinion of most experts, has been conducted at too high a temperature. The gold in the ore, so they say, is not in chemical combination with any other element, but is in the shape of finely divided metallic powder, and in the process of roasting probably gets fused into coarse particles which the solvents are unable to take up, and the solution of the problem will be found in the invention and use of a form of roasting furnace which, while desulphurising the ore, will not require a temperature to be maintained beyond that of a dull-red heat, so that what is called a

"clean roast" may be the result, and yet the gold remain in its original finely divided state. The problem is sure to be solved, but for the moment we wait for the furnace and the man.

GRAND TRUNKS.

In the midst of an unbusinesslike House, the Grand Trunk Market has risen up like a giant refreshed with wine, to the surprise of no one more than itself. What originated the buying movement it is impossible to say. Brokers identified with large provincial exchanges came in simultaneously, found the market half-bare of stock, and were fain, to execute their orders, to buy at prices over the current quotations, if they had anything like a line to do. The professionals quickly grasped the position, and so up went Trunks quite in their old familiar way. Let us pause a second and take stock of what has happened during the last two years. Here are the highest and lowest prices for 1898 and 1899 inclusive, with another list of closing quotations this afternoon, Saturday, Jan. 20, 1900—

| | 1898. | | | 1899. | | | Jan. 20, 1900. |
|--------------|-------|-----|----|-------|-----|----|----------------|
| | H. | L. | | H. | L. | | |
| Trunk Firsts | 76½ | 57½ | .. | 88½ | 65¾ | .. | 86½ |
| „ Seconds | 58½ | 36½ | .. | 60½ | 44½ | .. | 57½ |
| „ Thirds | 26½ | 16½ | .. | 26½ | 18½ | .. | 22½ |
| „ Ordinary | 9¾ | 6½ | .. | 9½ | 6½ | .. | 7½ |

From this table it would appear that Grand Trunk Third Preference and the Ordinary have the best chance of a rise. The Firsts are 10 per cent. higher than the best price touched in 1898, and only 1½ under last year's record. Seconds are not far off the highest prices attained during the last two years, but the Third Preference will have to rise 3½ points before it reaches the best quotation of 1899, which was ½ below that of the previous twelvemonth. The Ordinary stock is nothing but a gambling counter, but the Third Preference is something more than this, and does run a slight risk of getting a dividend in a few years' time, if the traffics are maintained at their present rate. The two First Preferences have had a smart rise, and we should not be much surprised to see a set-back, which will affect them more than the two cheaper descriptions. Trunk Guaranteed can be held for par.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

These are War Markets. I know, I am quite sure they are, because the papers say so, in their financial articles, once a day regularly: seven times for sixpence. Of course, it is just as well that we should be reminded that "these are War Markets," otherwise the important fact might get lost to sight. You walk round the House day after day and this is the usual thing visible: Not a bargain being booked anywhere, hardly a price mentioned, except a few of the volatiles description, but a crowd of songsters in the Yankee Market, a football scrimmage amongst what Westralian jobbers are left, and a variety entertainment of the usual description in the Kaffir Circus. It is just like the depth of summer-time, and even the railway dividends are looked at with a merely academic interest; nothing more. No orders worth mentioning ever come into the House. I could do the whole lot of Stock Exchange business transacted in a day by myself, and then catch the 5.24 p.m. And these are what they call "War Markets"!

But if no business buzzes round us, the amount of talk we have to listen to each day is incalculable. Every client who rings you up has different ideas upon the war, and, of course, you have to basely pander to the views of each as far as possible. Time was when the telephone paid for itself by bringing orders; now, this is the kind of thing that goes on all day. It is eleven o'clock, and you have just come in with the opening prices of the day. Number One has already rung up with a demand for the S.P. of Rand Mines.

"Good-morning. Market's a shade better here. Rand Mines are 33½ bid," you say. He asks a question. "Oh, well," you return, "can't say if they are going to 35, you know. Wish I could tell. It all depends upon the war."

"You mark my words," he phones back, as you look for anything to rest your arm upon; "you mark my words. This is going to be a long job—a good deal longer than you Stock Exchange fellows think. Roberts has got to get across the—," and so on for about ten minutes, when you hear the general telephone-bell ring, and thankfully cut off the garrulous pessimist to go and talk to the latest ringer-up.

"Four thousand pounds to invest, have you? An old lady? H'm! I should advise her to spread it over the new Local Loans, a Home Railway Debenture stock, Argentine Funding—Eh? Wants some Yankees, does she? Gay young thing! Milwaukeees, then, Atchison Preference, and Louisville ought to suit her book. They are sure to go better in the near future. And I should advise her to buy some Brewery (yes, English, of course) Preference, like Lion Brewery Preference, or something of that description, which will pay her 3½ per cent. I think I have given you a pretty safe list, bar the Yankees. The Argentine Stock will bring up the yield, and is likely to improve. Shall I just jot the things down and send you the list? Right! I'll go and do that at once."

Then you sit down, and make a careful calculation as to what the yield on the whole lot will be. At the very foggiest moment, another telephone-bell jangles.

"Yes: who are you? Yes—yes—that's me, but who are you? Oh, Miss Smith! How do you do? I really didn't recognise your voice over the wire. What can I do for you?" Miss Smith is a lady client who telephones from the Army and Navy Stores, and whose possession of 100 Randfontein causes her to be self-regarded as a daring plunger. She starts straightaway, a very high-pitched falsetto:

"What are Randfontein to-day? 2½ bid? That's better, isn't it? I thought so. If only our troops would win a victory, I believe prices would go very much better. I do, really! But there! Look at that man Methuen. Why doesn't he relieve Kimberley? I could do it myself, with a body of policemen, and he has all those dear soldiers. I should just like to know what the Queen thinks about it all. They say the Prince of Wales is quite—"; and so on, and so on, until you are half-distracted. So it goes all day. When five o'clock comes, you sit down to sign the contracts with something like a sigh of relief at having, as you fondly imagine, finished with the telephone for the day. But the wretched bell gives you no respite. "Well?" you shout into the receiver, callous as to who may be at the other end. "What makes Consols so good?" says the voice of a journalist as it comes chirruping along the wire. "Any particular reason for it?" Of course, you answer in the negative; it never does to tell Fleet Street too much—there are good reasons for it, which I daren't disclose. "Been mobbed to-day?" goes on the facetious one. "Anybody killed on the Stock Exchange?" (Why do journalists always say "on" the Stock Exchange?) "Good-bye!" He is the last one, and again you return to

the contracts. And yet there are people in this world who will tell you that the stockbroker's lot is a happy one.

Readers of mine who bought Vickers shares at 5½ need not sell them now that the price is seven-and-sixpence better. I confidently expect them to go over 6. The Industrial Market shows very few signs of life at present, but its turn is sure to come before long, and then Lyons and Liptons will have a spin upwards. The new restaurant of the former company in Throgmorton Street will now be open in a few months, and should do a roaring trade. There is hardly a single restaurant in the neighbourhood of the House that pretends to any nicety, much less daintiness, of service. The business side of the matter is thrown into such strong relief that the background has been allowed to slide more and more into the background. But, strange as it may appear, there are many Stock Exchange men who enjoy their lunch all the more if it is served with some attention to comfort, and, if the new-comer brings a little West-Endness with it, there will be more customers for there than the place can hold.

The Grand Trunk Market has been quite justifying the favourable anticipations that I formed of it some time ago. The dealers have, so far, played the game mostly among themselves, but there are signs of a slight revival of public interest in the various stocks. Mexican Rails usually follow pretty quickly on the heel of Trunks, and I should not be surprised to see a sharp rise in Mexican First and Second Preferences, provided the Transvaal news is good. That is what rules the whole position. With a 4½ per cent. Bank Rate, nothing is wanted but good news to induce good business, and that we shall have in a very few months' time as sure as my name is

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

ARMS, ARMAMENTS, AND AMMUNITION.

With the probability of a prolonged campaign in the Transvaal, it is well to consider the stocks and shares most likely to benefit by the war. Among the first are, naturally, companies whose business lies in the direction of this "Note's" title. Besides the well-known firms, such as Vickers and Armstrong, many of the iron companies make a speciality of gun-carriages, and the like, while National Explosives and Nobel Dynamite furnish a type of yet another class of companies to which the South African ill-wind is blowing good.

Armstrongs are steadily creeping up in the wake of Vickers. The small "boom" which has taken place in the shares of the latter makes it difficult to advise a purchase at the present time, yet our Stock Exchange informants speak very highly of the company's prospects, and declare that the shares are still cheap at 5½. A dividend is pending, and may have been declared before these lines see printer's ink. Armstrongs we have consistently recommended from 3½ upwards. The price as we write is 4½, and there ought to be plenty of margin for another 10s. per share rise. One of these fine days will come a quick rise in Hotchkiss Pref., now standing at 1½. Ever since the reconstruction the shares have been eyed with suspicion, but if the company could get itself amalgamated with one of the larger concerns—as, we believe, will happen in the future—there will be a demand for them. They are 5 per cent. Non-Cumulative Preference shares, and there is a 5 per cent. First Mortgage Debenture issue, that stands about par. Eley Brothers is a company mainly concerned with the making of cartridges and ammunition. The price of the fully paid £10 shares is about 30, and there is not much market. Last year, however, the shares varied between 34½ and 29, while in 1898 the top price was 40½. E. C. Powder shares are of the unusual denomination of £3 each, and are fully paid. The price is 4½, and the yield to a purchaser pans out to about the same figure per cent. But we must return to this subject next week.

THE KAFFIR MARKET.

Although the public is taking no outward and visible interest in the Kaffir Circus, so far as business is concerned, it is watching the course of the market with the utmost keenness. Members of the Stock Exchange tell us that 75 per cent. of their correspondence nowadays is devoted to answering queries as to whether Kaffirs are good to buy, or whether share-holdings should be sold. There is no diminution in the inward interest of the public as regards Kaffirs, but people, on the whole, are too nervous to operate either one way or the other.

The Kaffir Circus grows daily into a more and more sensitised condition. It is played upon by every rumour-monger who likes to start a new yarn, and for an in-and-out jobber of the half-a-crown-a-share-profit style it makes an admirable punting-ground. But beyond the immediate course of affairs, what lies? A long, expensive time of recuperation, it seems to us. Prices of gold shares may be maintained; on what grounds, we confess, it is difficult to see, but the last four months have been so fruitful of surprises that a liberal allowance must be made for the unexpected. But to those who must and will buy Kaffirs, our counsel of putting the money into Land shares remains unaltered. Goldfields, Oceanas, Transvaal Developments, and the like, would be our selection rather than Primrose, Heriots, or Meyer and Charlton. When the victorious march to Pretoria really starts, there will be a big general rise, but the shares most likely to retain their advance are those of the Land as opposed to the gold-mining descriptions.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE MINES?

Thoughtful people, as distinguished from Stock Exchange speculators, are much exercised in their minds as to what is now happening, or may, before the end of the war, happen, to the mines on the Rand, and our contemporary, the *Westminster Gazette*, over whose City columns Mr. Charles Duguid so ably presides, has been making inquiries among the leading mine-owners. Our own ex-Johannesburg correspondent holds, we know, most pessimistic views as to the future, and, although the *Westminster* tries to put the best face it can upon the opinions it has elicited, very little comfort can honestly be extracted from the replies.

Several things are clear. In the first place, except in case of the mines which are able to obtain special permits by proving that the majority of their shareholders are not English, all work, including

pumping, is perforce suspended, so that, whatever the upshot of the war, not only will the workings have to be unwatered, but the damage which every mine suffers when the galleries and chambers are for any considerable time abandoned will have to be made good before a productive output can be recommenced. Of course, it is impossible to say how serious damage from this source may be, for clearly the duration of the struggle is the prime factor in its determination, and as to the end—well, it is not yet in sight.

In the second place, a certain number of the mines are being worked by the Government, such as Robinson, Bonanza, Ferreira, Wemmer, Rose Deep, and several others. Now, it is clear that gold is, among other things, a most useful commodity to President Kruger at this moment, and, human nature being what it is, we may fairly assume that only the best ore is being milled. We shall be greatly surprised if what common people call picking out the eyes of these mines is not taking place, and, indeed, if our readers will place themselves in the position of the Transvaal Government, and think of what they would do under the circumstances, they will see that the temptation to get as much as possible in a limited time is probably irresistible.

In the third place, putting wilful damage out of the question (a very big assumption), there is the chance of great damage being done to machinery by a serious engagement being fought in the neighbourhood of the mines. It is true, the fighting is a long way off at present, but, assuming that Lord Roberts advances and is resisted in the neighbourhood of Johannesburg, does anyone suppose that he would hesitate to use heavy-artillery fire because of the damage to the mines or machinery which his action would cause, or that the Boers would be any more tender of the pockets of either English or foreign shareholders? One has only to state the proposition to see the answer.

In the fourth place, there is the risk of the Republics so far making good their defence as to remain masters of the Rand in the end, and, with a considerable portion of the Unionist Press howling for a change of Government, this is not so wildly improbable as many of our readers may imagine. In that event, it is probable that a good many properties, especially those belonging to the Rhodes group, might be confiscated for non-payment of dues, or other technical reasons, and it is certain that the chains of the dynamite monopoly, the Labour laws, and all the troubles from which mine-owners have suffered in the past, would be rivetted tighter than ever.

We have no desire to pose as alarmists, but it is as well to look these things in the face, and we confess that we can see no justification, from an investor's dividend-paying point of view, for present prices, even among the best of the Transvaal mining properties. To the speculator who purchases Goldfields to-day because he thinks there will be a victory on the Tugela to-morrow, and that he will then find some fool to give him an increased price, we say nothing—he runs his risk, and may very likely succeed in making a pound, perhaps even two, per share; but we cannot understand the sober man buying to hold, considering the risks (with which we have not space to deal more than superficially) run before he will ever see any income from his money.

Saturday, Jan. 20, 1900.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

GAS.—The company was over-capitalised, but the Preference shares should be all right, and we think you might buy some more to average.

C. J. D.—By a printer's error last week, your answer, which ought to have read "15s. to £1, at which prices you can buy or sell," was mutilated. Please read as above. Your list of shares is not of the sort which we should like to see, and is clearly the work of Jenkinson and Co. If you can afford to run risks, it might be all right, but if you mean us to understand that all the money you have to live on is invested in the things you name, the sooner you recast the list the better. We have sent you the name of a respectable broker; consult him.

F. W. Y.—Sell some of the Paquins, Seager Evans Preference, or Aron Meters. We don't like the list a bit.

L. V. M.—Buy (1) Gas Light and Coke Ordinary; (2) New South Wales 4 per cent. Inscribed stock; (3) Grand Trunk 4 per cent. Debentures; (4) Australian Mortgage Land and Finance 3 per cent. Debenture stock; (5) Auckland Harbour 5 per cent. Debentures.

T. P. W.—We never recommend promoters, and such a thing as a "reliable firm" carrying on that business in mining concessions is, as far as we know, not to be found.

HIGH INTEREST.—Buy (1) United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. Debentures, (2) Inter-Oceanic of Mexico 7 per cent. A Debentures, putting half your money in each, and you will get a good return with every prospect of capital increase.

Our readers will remember that in our issue of Dec. 27 last we reproduced, about one-half the original size, a facsimile of the Official List of the Stock Exchange published on Dec. 27, 1799. This reproduction was made from what we believe to be the only copy in existence, and created considerable interest among members of the House. In consequence of the numerous inquiries which have reached us, we have determined to print a full-size reproduction of the original document upon paper as like that employed by the old printer as possible, and to sell the copies to anyone who may care to possess one for the sum of 1s. 3d. each, post free. The whole of the sale proceeds will be devoted to the Stock Exchange War Fund. Members of the Stock Exchange can obtain one or more copies from the "House Haunter," and, if any general reader wishes to obtain one, the City Editor will forward the same by post on receipt of fifteen stamps.